

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 23.—VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

{ PRICE TEN CENTS.
{ WITH CARTOON.



"WAITING." FROM A PAINTING BY AUGUSTE TOULMOUCHE.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNING," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—MRS. TRACY'S L. O. U.

MRS. TRACY'S answer to Ben's letter was as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. RENTON:

"Millicent has placed your most kind and generous letter in my hands. It is every thing I have said, but it is a very extraordinary letter as well; and it is impossible for a young creature without any knowledge of the world to answer it. It takes all my judgment—and I have passed through a good deal—to decide how to do it. I would not for the world hurt your feelings, dear Mr. Renton, and I am convinced that, to act according to the dictates of pride, and decline your most kind little loan, would be to hurt your feelings. Therefore I make the sacrifice of my own. I don't replace your notes in this, as pride tempts me to do. I keep them for your sake.

"And, besides—why should I hesitate to confess it?—we are poor. I cannot do for Millicent—I cannot do for myself, though that matters less—what I would. I don't know how far my poor child went in her confidences to you to-day. She was agitated—and she is still agitated—though I have done all I could to soothe her. She is much affected by your sympathy and generosity; and yet, with the shrinking delicacy which characterizes her, she cannot forgive herself for telling you. 'I could not help it, mamma—he was so feeling,' my poor darling says to me, with tears in her eyes. God bless you, dear Mr. Renton! With this timely aid, which I accept as a loan, my Millicent's poor mother may still be spared to watch over her child. It would have been impossible for me to go, and I tried to hide from my pet the urging of my physicians. Now it is all clear before us. I enclose a memorandum for the amount at five per cent. interest; but what interest can ever repay the kind consideration, the ready thoughtfulness? I can never forget it, and neither can Millicent. When I say that we shall leave almost immediately, I but say that we are carrying out your intention. We shall miss you in that strange land. How sweet if we could hope to meet our benefactor among its gay groups! Millicent tells me something about your circumstances, which it seems impossible to believe. But, if it should be true, dear Mr. Renton, how sweet it will be to your mind to feel that your little savings, if diverted from their original intention, will yet go to carry out one of the most sacred offices of Christianity—to save a mother, the sole guide and protector of her innocence, to her only child!

"Believe me, my dear Renton, with the sincerest, kind regards and good wishes,

"Yours obliged and sincerely,

"MARIA TRACY."

"Will that do?" she said, thrusting the paper across the table to Millicent, who sat looking on. Her mother's style of letter-writing was very well known to her; but her heart was beating a little quicker than usual, and it was not without excitement that she took it up. Altogether, the day had been a strange one for her. It had brought her in contact with genuine, real passion; and, at the same time, with a rare, almost unknown thing to her—a man, with all the instincts of power, unconscious of those restraints which make I dare not wait upon I would. There is something in wealth which now and then confers a certain moral power and unthought-of force and energy. Millicent's friends and lovers had been hitherto of a class quite different from Ben. They had been men to whom appearance was more than reality—who were accustomed to look richer than they were, and to own the restrictions of small means—men who could not, had they wished it, have cut a way for her through a difficulty, as Ben did with sudden flash of purpose. In fact, he was poorer than any of the half-bred men to whom Mrs. Tracy had all but offered her daughter; but the habit of hesitation or considering possibilities had not yet come upon him. Simply, he had not been able to bear the thought of want or difficulty or pain for her, and had rushed at the matter without a moment's pause, or any consideration but that of doing her service. It was quite new to Millicent. It dazzled her imagination more a long way than it touched her heart. She was not grateful to speak of, but she was profoundly impressed by the man to whom a hundred pounds—that mighty object of thought to herself and everybody she

had ever known—was no more than a bouquet or a pair of gloves. She was not, even at that moment, ashamed of having all but asked, or of receiving, his help. She was only dazzled by the magnificence, the sudden lavish zeal and service of her lover. She read her mother's letter slowly and critically. "As if he wanted to be paid back, or have interest at five per cent.!" she said. The mother's were very different thoughts.

"It looks better," she said. "And if we ever are able to pay him back, Millicent—besides, it is putting it in a business way. Every man likes to see things put in a business way; though this is such a young fool—" said Mrs. Tracy. "I never met with such a fool in all my life."

"He is not a fool," said Millicent, angrily. "It is the way he has been brought up. He has not been taught to consider money as we have. Oh, me! should we all be like that if we were all rich?" she asked herself, with a little thrill of wonder. Mrs. Tracy smiled grimly, as she put poor Ben's bank-notes—every thing the foolish youth had possessed in the world—into an old pocket-book, which she took out of her desk.

"No, indeed," she said, "not such fools as to give up solid good for nonsense. Why, only fancy what he might have had for his hundred pounds! He might have gone to Homburg himself, and got a great deal of amusement out of it. He might have gone to Switzerland. With all his friends and good introductions, he might have got through the season with it"—this was all Mrs. Tracy knew—"with his club, and dining out, and so forth. And, because you cry a little, he gives it to you! No, if I were made of money, I could never be so foolish as that."

"Nobody ever minded my crying much before," said Millicent, with a touch of sullenness; and then she threw the letter on the table. "Certainly," she said, "a hundred pounds is a high price for that."

"I accept it as a loan," said Mrs. Tracy, wrapping herself once more in the appearances she loved. "Of course, I should never think of taking money from Mr. Renton in any other way. And I wish you would see to your packing at once. We never had such a chance before. Oh, Millicent, if you don't make something of it this time, how can I ever have any heart again? There are all sorts of people at Homburg; and you look very nice in your mourning. One does, when one has a nice complexion. What will become of us if I have to bring you back here again?"

"I have no desire to be brought back," said Millicent, sharply. "I am ready to do whatever I can—you may see that. But fate seems against me somehow," she added, putting up her hand to her eyes. "One had every reason to think it was settled and done with without any more trouble; and here is the treadmill just beginning again. You are pleased because you have got your money; but it is hard upon me all the same."

"I believe you are in love with him, after all," said the mother, with profound scorn. Millicent did not make any direct answer; but she turned away indignantly, with a frown on her face. In love with him!—no, not so foolish as that; but still it was hard when you come to think of it—never to be any nearer the end—just to have to begin again. And when every thing seemed so clear and easy! A hundred pounds was very nice; but it was not equal to Renton Manor and a house in Berkeley Square, and every thing that heart could desire. Poor Millicent sighed—she could not help it. And he was so fond of her, too, poor fellow! It seemed breaking faith with him to take his money and go off to Germany to marry somebody else upon the strength of it. And it was nice to have him always there—ready, on the shortest notice, to come and worship. "All because I am rather pretty!" Millicent said to herself, with that half scorn with which a woman recognizes that it is the least part of her that is loved. Her beauty was every thing she had in the world, and yet it was a little strange that that was all Ben Renton could see in her. Her transparent scheming, her hungry poverty, her readiness to marry him or any man who had money enough and asked her—that all this should be glorified over by a pair of pretty eyes! This is a weakness which a great many women take advantage of, but which always fills them with a certain contempt. Millicent, who might have had something better in her, and who could have been fond of Ben, had he not been disinherited, saw his folly with a half disdain. No woman would have been such a fool as that; though she could not bear to hear her mother call him a fool.

She got up immediately, however, to begin her packing; and then she took into very serious consideration the question whether a new dress was not absolutely necessary for the new campaign—a thin dress which she could wear over her old black silk, and which would look “dressed” at a table d’hôte or other public place. “Don’t you think grenadine would be best?” she asked her mother, anxiously—“or perhaps my white with black ribbons?” Whatever might be her feelings toward Ben Renton, it was evident there was no time to be lost.

“It must be black,” said Mrs. Tracy, decisively, “when you can have so few dresses. White is always the next step to colors, and we can’t afford that—not to speak of washing. Black grenadine wears very well, and looks very nice—on you, at least,” Mrs. Tracy added, with a stifled sigh. She was too old for grenadine herself. To play her part aright, she wanted a rich black silk becoming her years; but it would make such a hole in the hundred pounds! She was compelled to give that up. They spent the evening with the room littered all over with “things,” examining into their deficiencies—two warriors setting out for the battle, and looking to all the crevices of their armor. And Ben down-stairs heard their soft, womanly footsteps thrill the floor over his head, and strained his ears to catch every movement they made. They seemed to have accepted his offering—what were they going to do with himself? He sat, sick at heart, and listened, while they went to and fro up-stairs to their sleeping-rooms, down again to the drawing-room. He had put his door ajar, and heard every thing. Sometimes her mother called “Millicent!” from below; sometimes it was the sweeter voice of the daughter that replied; and every word rang through his heart, poor fellow! as he sat and listened. That there was a commotion of some sort going on up-stairs was certain; and it was he who was the cause of it; and yet they did not call him to share the excitement. Or were they, perhaps, preparing to go away, to punish him for his presumption—to return him his impudent gift of money, and reject his friendship? Poor Ben sat trembling, absorbed in a cruel fever of suspense all the evening. Perhaps they had meant him to be so; perhaps it was only carelessness, their own suspense being over; but certain it is that Mrs. Tracy’s answer to his letter was not put into Ben’s hands till the movement up-stairs was quieted, and the ladies preparing to go to bed. Then Mrs. Tracy rang the bell. “That poor boy has not got his answer yet—how careless, Millicent!” she said; and Millicent half smiled as she went and sought it on the writing-table, underneath a heap of muslin. “It can’t matter much,” she said, with a slight shrug of her graceful shoulders, and yet gave it with her own hands to the maid. “Tell Mr. Renton you forgot it,” said Mrs. Tracy; “it should have gone to him some time ago.” And this was how the evening ended for the adventurers on the eve of their campaign.

It had been a trying day for Millicent; thinking it over when she finally retired to the little dressing-room she occupied, this was the conclusion she came to—a very trying day. Neither her education nor her experience, such as it was, had at all prepared her for such trials. She knew how to deal with the ordinary young man who was to be met with in Guildford Street; and, as she sat with her hair hanging about her shoulders, in the thoughtfulness of the moment a whole array rose up before her of men who had admired her, followed her about, and satisfied her vanity to the fullest extent, but who were not to be compared to Ben Renton in any particular. Millicent, knowing no better, would have married young Mr. Cholmley, of the firm of Cholmley & Territ, if he could have settled any thing on her; or young Hurlstone, the solicitor, if he had been in better practice; or the engineer, who everybody said was likely to make so much money, had he not been so impudent about mothers-in-law, and so determined that Mrs. Tracy should have nothing to do in his house. She would have taken any of them, and thought it her duty. She had been even—must it be confessed?—a quarter part engaged to all of them before their shortcomings were apparent. And each in succession was eager to have purchased her and her beauty, though they all haggled about the price. But, to have betrayed her poverty to them, or her mother’s difficulties, was the last thing in the world that Millicent would have dreamed of doing. Had she done so, her lovers would have regarded her—she knew it—with a certain contempt. Her beauty was much, and that she was an officer’s daughter, and supposed to have high connections, was much, too—enough to cover the want of fortune which she never attempted to conceal; but penniless, struggling with poverty, in debt—oh, words of fear! Millicent would have

starved rather than have breathed such damning syllables in the ears of Cholmley or Hurlstone. But she had told Ben all, “as if he were a friend,” she said to herself in amazement. And Ben, still as if he were a friend, had rushed forth, and found what she wanted, letting no grass grow under his feet. What a curious, bewildering, unaccountable business it was! Poor fellow! Could he be a fool, as Mrs. Tracy thought? or was he more infatuated, more wild about her than any of them had been? or was it a new species she had to deal with—a being of a different kind? She was so puzzled, that she let her hair stray all over her shoulders and get into hopeless tangles. Poor Ben! and, after all, it was out of the question that she should marry him. This hundred pounds which he had thrust upon her—and, surely, surely if he were not a fool, he must be a very indiscreet, prodigal sort of young man, throwing his money about in such a wild way—must be the end, as it was the beginning, of any thing between them. It was very hard, Millicent thought; but for that horrid old Mr. Renton and his ridiculous will, instead of setting out on her adventures to Homburg, in the hope of finding somebody to marry her, she might have had Ben and the Manor and excellent settlements, and no more trouble. Old men should not be allowed to be so wicked, she said to herself. She would have made Ben a very good wife; she would have grown fond of him even. A sigh trembled out of Millicent’s rose lips as these thoughts filled her soul. What a hair’s-breadth it was that divided this shift, tricky, sordid life, with its most miserable aim, from an existence so different! Berkeley Square—that was, alas! the foremost thing in her thoughts. Her mind strayed off to caress the idea for a moment. She saw herself in the great old-fashioned, splendid rooms—splendid to Mrs. Tracy’s daughter, and not old-fashioned, you may be sure of that, from the moment Mrs. Benedict Renton had got possession of them. She saw herself getting into her carriage at the door, with such horses, such footmen, such a glimmer and sheen of luxury, and sighed again very heavily. Last night it seemed so near, so certain; and now, the old treadmill to begin again, the old game to be played, the old risks to be run. It had not occurred to Millicent even now how humiliating was that game. It was natural to her—she had been brought up to it. But she doubled the beautiful, soft, white hand, which Ben had kissed, and shook it figuratively at his horrid old father. “Wretched old miser!” said Millicent, setting her pearly teeth together. And she could have made a good wife, and even grown fond of Ben.

Mrs. Tracy, on the other side of the partition, was not half so much disturbed. She had a hundred pounds in her pocket, as good as a gift, she said to herself; for, of course, he would never ask either interest or principal. What a fool the young man must be! or did he, could he, think that she was such a fool as to throw away her beautiful daughter upon him because of his hundred pounds? Not quite so silly as that, Mrs. Tracy said to herself. It was the first real bit of good fortune her beautiful daughter had brought her. For husband-hunting, adopted as a profession in the very serious way in which Mrs. Tracy had entered into it, is a dangerous and difficult trade. Perhaps it would be safe to say there is no work in the world more hazardous, dreary, and unremunerative. Millicent’s dresses had cost a great deal, and it had been very expensive taking her “out,” before poor Fitzgerald’s downfall and death made that impossible, and, on the whole, she had lost a great deal more than she had gained up to this moment. Now, here was the first earnest of coming fortune. With her looks, Millicent might marry anybody—a Russian prince rolling in money, most likely; or a millionaire, with more than he could count. The world was at her feet. Notwithstanding the small results her beauty had produced in the past, Mrs. Tracy jumped to the highest heights of hope. And, as for Ben Renton and his hundred pounds, instead of regretting, like her daughter, she was rather glad that the game was still all to play. The excitement had its charm for her. She was a gambler going about the world with one piece to stake, and, like most gamblers, could not divest herself of the idea that, if she could but wait and hold on, she must win.

CHAPTER IX.—BEN’S REWARD.

WHEN Ben received Mrs. Tracy’s letter his mind was in a condition which it would be very difficult to describe. He had taken as he thought a step which would decide his whole life. And even in the moment of taking it he had been put to the severest test which a

man can meet—his love had been suddenly arrested in its high tide, and the woman he loved placed, as it were, at the bar before his better judgment, his finer taste. The shock had been so great that Ben's mind for the moment had reeled under it. He had felt equal to nothing but wild and sudden action, it did not matter much of what kind. He had rushed out and had done what we have already recorded, and now for two or three hours he had been sitting with no pretence at doing any thing, waiting to see what was to come of it. Wild visions of being called to her—of being made to forget in the charm and intoxication of her presence all the tinglings of shame and disquietude which against his will had come upon him—possessed him at first. He sat for long expecting that every movement he heard was toward him—expecting to hear her voice, or her mother's voice, calling him. He could not go out to his club for dinner as he generally did; he could not have eaten any thing; he did not even recollect that it was his duty to go and dine. Such a madness to have taken possession of Ben Renton, a practised man of the world! But so it was. He sat and listened, thinking he heard her on the stair, thinking he heard soft taps at the door, saying sometimes, "Come in!" in his foolishness, to the ghost of his own fancy. But nobody came near him. One would have thought that this want of any response, after the great sacrifice he had made for her, would have acted upon him like a thrill gust of reality blowing away the mists. But, in fact, it was not so; instead of opening his eyes it but dimmed them more with a feverish haze of suspense. How could he judge her when he was watching with breathless anxiety for her call, for her answer, for some message from her? The footsteps above him were treading lightly, cruelly on his heart; but the very continuance of their sound rapt him so that he could think of nothing else. What were they doing? What meaning had they toward himself, these women who seemed to hold his life in their hands? Every lingering moment in which the true state of affairs should have become visible to him, in which he should have come to see, however unwilling, something of the real character of the creature that had bewitched him, encircled Ben with but another coil of her magic. Not now!—not now! After he knew what she was going to do he might then be able to judge. At present he could but listen, breathless—watch, wait, wonder, and catch with a quickened ear the meaning of every movement. Any rational observer would have concluded Ben Renton out of his wits before, but the climax of his madness was reached that night. He had stripped himself of everything he had in the world—at the moment—for Millicent; he would have spent his life for her if she had but made him a sign; not in the way of self-murder, which nobody could have required of him, but of that more total suicide which consists in the sacrifice of all the prospects, and hopes, and possibilities of life. His love was not a selfish, complacent impulse, but a passion which mastered him. Thus the moments which passed so lightly overhead in that argument about the black grenadine were ages of sickening uncertainty to Ben.

This was brought to an end by Mrs. Tracy's letter; such a plunge into dead fact after the wild heat of his excitement was enough to have brought any man to his wits. He read it over and over in his consternation. At first there shot across him a pang of disappointment, a sinking of heart, such as comes inevitably to those who are thrown back upon themselves out of a roused state of expectation. And then he reread it till the words lost their meaning. But there was something else which could not fail of expressiveness, and that was the silence which had succeeded so much movement and commotion up-stairs. For half an hour he refused to believe, even with the sudden stillness above and the letter in his hand to prove it, that all possibility of further intercourse was over for the night. He could not believe it. They were only stiller than usual—the note should have come to him earlier. There was still time to call him to them. He took out his watch and placed it on the table before him. Eleven o'clock, and every thing so quiet. Then he went out and listened in the dingy little hall, where a faint lamp was burning; then, half mad, opened the outer door, and rushed into the street to make sure. There, indeed, he was convinced of the fact which had been evident to all his faculties before. The dining-room was quite dark, evidently vacant, and above, in the higher story, was the glimmer of Mrs. Tracy's candles. She was going to bed, respectable, virtuous woman that she was, with the hundred pounds accepted as a loan under her pillow, too virtuous to think of rewarding the giver even by a smile

from Millicent's lips, which would have cost nothing. The poor young fellow came in with his heart bleeding and palpitating, one knows how, and then seized his hat and went out again for a long, agitated walk in the dark, not caring nor knowing where he went. Yes; this was how it was to be. They had accepted his offering, but they had not a word to give him, nor a look, nor a smile; nothing but the formal acknowledgment of his "kindness," and Mrs. Tracy's I O U, which was worth so much. Ben walked on and on through the dreary, half-lighted streets, thinking, he supposed; but he was not in the least thinking. He was but going over and over the fact that there was nothing for him that night, that all hope was over, that the exquisite moment he had been expecting—and it was only now that he knew how he had been expecting it—was not to be. When some long-desired and promised meeting has failed to take place, and the watcher, obstinately believing to the last, has to confess that the day is over, the possibility gone, that hour never to be won out of the hands of time—then he or she knows how Ben felt. And most of us have had some experience of such feelings. Thrills came over him, as he walked, of wild suggestion—how she might, after all, have stolen down-stairs to say the fault was not hers; how she might have tapped at his door after he was gone. Ah! no, never that! Millicent would never have done that. And it was over for to-night, absolutely over! A hot dew of mortification and disappointment forced itself into his eyes as he marched along, nobody seeing him. Those dark London streets, wet pavements, gleams of dreary lamplight, miserable creatures here and there huddled up at corners, here and there loud in miserable gayety, danced before his eyes, a kind of gray phantasmagoria. What had he done? what was he doing? What would life be with all its inconceivable chances missed, and the golden moments gone away into darkness like this? For the moment Ben was ready to have recognized the claim of fellowship with the most pitiable wreck upon that stony strand. Like every real pang of the heart, his sudden ache went beyond its momentary cause. It struck out from that small misery—as anybody in his senses would have thought it—into the wide ocean of suffering beyond. The thrill that shook his being cast off echoes into the awful depths around him, of which he was but vaguely conscious. Such fooling! because a young man has been disappointed of an hour's talk with his love; but these fantastic pangs are not the least sharp that humanity has to bear, though even the sufferer may get to smile at them afterward; and any pain, if it is keen enough, brings the sufferer into the comprehension of pain; just as nature, it is said, makes the whole world kin. He walked for hours, forgetful of the poor maid-of-all-work in No. 10 Guildford Street, who was nodding with her head against the wall, and her arms wrapped up in her apron, waiting up for his return; and yet during all this time not one rational thought about the real position of Millicent Tracy and her mother, not one sensible reflection about his lost money, presented themselves to the young man's mind. He had not seen her, could not see her now till the morning of another day—most probably was going to lose her altogether. Such were the vain things that occupied his thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCAPE-GOAT.

I WAS never more surprised than when Anna Baker wrote to me at Pine Ridge that she was about to marry Augustus Lampley. It took me a longer time than elapsed between the announcement and the marriage to reconcile myself to the fact. Mr. Lampley was, of course, an unexceptionable gentleman; but there was Mr. Beardsley, the minister—she had broken an engagement with him of five years' standing for the sake of this eloquent young lawyer.

Anna reckoned on my surprise, but vouchsafed no further palliation than came with the statement that the step she had taken, and the step she was about to take, had ample justification, and that I would, some time, see it. I never did see it. Mr. Beardsley was my cousin, and there was nothing in his subsequent career which proved to me that she did him a kindness in embittering a drop of the sweet waters of his soul. We needed him at home more than they needed him in Africa, and I have never been able to believe that laboring and dying among savages was a result to be thankful for, after all his years of culture.

I saw little of Anna as Mrs. Lampley, for obvious reasons. A chasm seemed to open between us with her marriage, and, though she came once to Pine Ridge as a guest, the visit was never repeated, and never returned.

And now, it appeared, we were to have the three Lampleys with us for the summer. Augustus, their father, wrote to my grandmother, asking if she knew of any person in our neighborhood with whom he could trust his motherless children, and, of course, she answered, by return of mail, "Send them to me."

Within another week I had said good-by to the hope of rest till October; the house had been set in order; three rooms were made specially ready; and, on the afternoon of the third of May, more curious than eager, I drove to the station, three miles off, to meet the children. Mr. Lampley had written that business called him to England, and that, contrary to his expectation, he would not be able to accompany his family, but that the nurse who had lived with them since the birth of the oldest boy would do so instead.

This party I found at the station—Samuel, Augustus, and Olivia Lampley, and the nurse, Agnes Barnes.

Children, their father called them! Samuel, the eldest, was aiming toward six feet with a directness which made it quite certain that he would soon attain the stature. A well-groomed, well-fed animal, was my first thought; but it was not my last. There was much more than appeared behind his smooth, tranquil exterior.

Augustus was thin and dark as an Arab. There was nothing beautiful about him, except his large, dark eyes. Many a time you might have looked at him, without discovering what it was you liked so well in his unhandsome face.

Olivia Lampley was no Lampley at all, but the daughter of a dear friend who gave her to Augustus in whose house he died. She was the nearest to childhood of the three—an elegant girl, for whom Nature would do her utmost. Such a carriage-load of "children" was never before set down at the door of a country-house. Agnes Barnes, I could see, was a woman to appreciate her situation by keeping her eyes closed in the main, and indulging to the utmost in lethargic delights.

"I suppose you know where you are going?" I said to the boys, as we rode along through marshlands, our way bordered by fading iris and budding marsh-mallows, a sea of delicate green to the right and left, and a line of low hills away off in the distance.

"To Pine Ridge," they answered, together.

I looked at Olivia.

"To Washington's headquarters," said she.

"Yes. And he travelled over this road when it was in a much worse condition than it is even now, and when there was still less reasonable expectation of arriving at a comfortable shelter for the night than you have," said I.

"Oly expects to see the general's statue on the lawn, and his portrait in every room," said Augustus. "She has talked about nothing else all the way."

"Is it not so?" asked Olivia, gravely, though a tell-tale smile was in her eyes.

"Certainly," I answered.

"And Sam likes, above all things, to be under military discipline," continued the younger, enjoying the impatience which passed shadow-like over the placid face of the elder brother.

"You are all going to find exactly what you like," said I. "There is every thing at Pine Ridge, if you are only wise enough to know where to look for what you want, and when you have found it. Strange though it may seem, we have even mountains for those who cannot do without them—in the moon."

But I thought, while I spoke, that any one bent on keeping up a good understanding and perfect order among these young folks would have a time of it.

This conviction was followed by another, suggested by the curiosity the young people displayed concerning the traditions of the place. What a controlling influence might not a character like Washington's—so venerated, so beloved—exert upon characters in process of formation! Could it have any real determining power? Could imagination become so affected by it as to have exalted in it an ideal inspiring to the noblest human life?

Augustus appeared conceited and wilful; Samuel, sluggish, and possibly selfish; Olivia, a fair waif at the mercy of every wind that blew. What could the Washington traditions effect for them?

I determined to discover.

So my ride homeward, which began in dismay, ended with the exhilaration one feels who is about to undertake a novel experiment. I was even prepared to make grandmother's way easy for her. But that purpose was gratuitous and unnecessary; for when, since the world began, was that good woman not equal to any thing that could befall her? She went from necessity to necessity with a bound, and calamity was a thing she utterly ignored. It was so when she lost the Ives place and twenty thousand dollars through the mismanagement of an executor. It was so when she had the small-pox, which destroyed her beauty—her youthful beauty, I mean. It was so when her oldest son died in the army, and when my father was lost at sea. And now, in her eightieth year, she was still a tower of strength; only death could defeat or extinguish her.

There was no special occasion for misgiving on her account, therefore, thinking of the dismay with which she might look at the young Lampleys when she perceived that, though they came with a nurse, they were by no means in their infancy.

"I don't see the statue of Washington anywhere," said Olivia, looking around after she had stepped from the carriage to the porch. She glanced at Augustus, having completed her survey.

"It is a veiled statue," said he.

Grandmother stood in our midst the next moment, and I saw that the young people were capable of reverence in different degrees. Her appearance, which was majestic, impressed the little group, as it always did impress the circle, large or small, into which she came. Her step was firm, her form erect; she carried her white hair and her wrinkles superbly. The wrinkles were not indicators of fret, but were grand lines of sorrow—reports of a noble nature's interpretation of the grave facts of human history, which are translated out of a foreign tongue by heart and intellect only at great cost.

She speedily accommodated herself to this fact, that the children were young folks; and her smile came without effort, when she saw the lively group around her table. While she was recalling the last visit of their mother, a thought occurred to me, which I expressed, feeling that, if it led to a discussion, it might be best that they should hear it:

"Seeing that we have two young gentlemen, instead of the little lads we expected, don't you think we should let them occupy the general's room, grandmother?"

"That would be a very bad move, indeed, for Sam," interposed Augustus, with a hasty eagerness which expressed far more than he or he could have perceived. "He is such a fighting character already, and so bent on going to West Point"—the last words were spoken with less energy, in a lower tone, and he betrayed a little confusion when he had ceased speaking.

"On that ground, it might be a good thing," said my grandmother; "the general was a man of peace, if there ever was one."

Sam tried to laugh, but he looked annoyed. He wasn't quick enough to say any thing, before Augustus asked:

"Wouldn't it be too much like turning bears into a garden, madam?"

He addressed my grandmother. She answered:

"If I wanted the bears tamed, I would turn them in, and leave them there."

"With an overseer?"

"Certainly. The room is a pleasant one. I am glad you spoke of it, Harriet. Come and make your choice of apartments, gentlemen. Your mother once occupied the room we call General Washington's."

Grandmother was mistress of the situation. She began by calling these young fellows "gentlemen." It might have been prophesied that there would never be much skirmishing in her presence, and I perceived that, though she seemed to allow a choice of apartments, they would in reality occupy the one she had decided upon, and no other.

"Washington's chamber" was on the first floor in the old part of the house, and had remained, since his occupation of it, essentially unchanged. There were the same naked beams of oak overhead. The tiled chimney stood undespoiled of any of its glory, and the great cupboards still occupied the corners. The same view that he saw through the little panes of the low windows was presented to our eyes.

Sam looked about him when grandmother had led the way into the room, and was evidently impressed.

Augustus, in spite of his preceding reluctance, which I fancied was

not feigned, was exceedingly pleased, and took possession immediately.

Olivia said, "How splendid!" Splendid enough was she, in the promise of her youth, to admire the simple, the common, and the quaint, and, with a glance at Sam, who stood at the window examining my mignonette and verberna boxes, she went over to the chimney and began to examine the extraordinary works of art embedded in it—Elijah fed by ravens, Christ walking on the waters, and scores of scenes besides, drawn from the same rich source.

Her mirth, as she gazed, drew Augustus as if she had called him, and, when he presented himself at her elbow, she proceeded to explain the various figures, as if it would, of course, be impossible for him to make out their meaning.

Grandmother left the room while the young people were thus occupied, and next we saw the trunks brought in. It had been taken for granted that our male guests preferred this apartment.

I now felt as certain of results as the electrician is when he has every thing in readiness for producing the electric light. I do not need to be reminded that sometimes the light fails to shine at the experimenter's behest.

As Augustus had suggested, there was a portrait of Washington in every room of the old stone house on Pine Ridge. Some of these were in oil, others were valuable copies of fine engravings which my grandmother had been called upon to authenticate as good likenesses.

She had become an authority with dealers, and most of these copies had been presented to her by the artists whose work they were. Our library, also, contained probably as many records of Revolutionary times as any private library in the land. If these young people had any love of research, there was a wide and inviting field before them.

"Is that the very bed the general slept on?" asked Augustus, one morning, as I stopped outside his window to look at my mignonette-boxes on the ledge.

I knew he was in the room, and I wished to called him out. I felt that there was something to be discovered about this lad. He was a gay fellow—his mother was a gay woman, and he resembled her in some respects, though handsome she was, and unhandsome he. He was not like her in her gayety, though; for his, though it often took a form which reminded of her, seemed to me assumed, nine times out of ten, to conceal restlessness, sadness, and disquiet. I had become more and more convinced of this, day by day, and I wanted to hear him talk about himself, and, if he would voluntarily, about his mother. What had Anna been to this child of her spirit? How much of her had entered into him? What had she done for him? Was she still doing any thing?

I told him the bed was the very same, and added, "Why do you ask?"

He answered, not instantly, "You never heard him say that he was troubled by bad dreams, I suppose?"

"Never."

At that he leaped through the open window, and, a few minutes after, we were walking down the orchards toward which our feet had involuntarily turned.

"But, doesn't he haunt you?" asked Augustus. "He does me. And you have seen quite as much of him as I have, I imagine."

"I never saw him, of course," said I, "and he don't haunt me."

"Perhaps you never slept in that room?"

"I never did. Don't you like it?" I felt at the moment I asked the question that the dear boy's hand lay in mine, passive yet strong. He would trust me.

"You promised we should have all we liked to have here."

"Does not my promise hold good?"

"I haven't what I like. I have a doubt. And I don't like doubts. I have a mind to tell you about it, Miss Harriet."

"Do," said I.

"Do you remember my joking Sam about West Point? That is where I have always wanted to go. Sam would as soon go to Bedlam."

"I suspect so. What hinders you, though?"

"Every thing."

"Really any thing? Have you looked into it closely?"

My question expressed readiness of sympathy, and Augustus looked grateful, his heart opened, he gave me his confidence, then and there.

"I have always admired people who could sacrifice their own wishes, and come up promptly to a duty, though it was not easy to them, and would have been impossible for weaker folks, cowards and selfish, like myself. But, putting me in that chamber has brought me to my senses. I am going to do my duty."

"That is clearly the thing to be done," said I. "Tell me all about it."

"He sacrificed his own wish to that of his mother, and see what results came of it. He must have seen in the end that the hand of the Lord was in it. I shall go to the theological seminary in two years. That is what my mother asked. She came from Lynn. It was her wish, her last wish, that I should go there and preach the Gospel. Think of it! But I will do it! I can, Miss Harriet, I can," he said, hurriedly.

"Will this please your father?" I asked.

"Any thing will please my father. All he wants is that we should stand by our choice when we have made it. He despises a turncoat. It is all right. Through this strait gate I shall pass to more freedom and liberty. I am so glad you let me say this to you! I couldn't talk about it to Sam or Olly. I am obstinate, and have had quite a fight with myself. But now you see I have surrendered my sword to mother and General Washington."

Having said all this, he began to smile again, and soon was intent on capturing a splendid green ecroopia.

The more I pondered on what Augustus had told me, the more indignant I became. It was clear to my mind that his mother had regarded him as a scape-goat, and had aimed, through this ardent and generous spirit, to make reparation and restitution for certain losses to be charged against her. I inwardly entered my protest against this vicarious sacrifice.

The more I saw of the boy, the more evident it became to me that he was capable of taking the step he had announced himself resolved to take, and I perceived also that, when it was taken, other steps must succeed, which would lead him amid cold shadows and on into deeper gloom, where the heart would be chilled and paralyzed—that his life would be a joyless one. Nature had not intended him to perform the service of pastor or of preacher. The exaltation of conscience above instinct in this hard, rude fashion, the merciless trampling under foot of taste and of nature, would make his existence more stormy and warlike than that of Alexander. The prospect appeared so repulsive to me, that I with difficulty refrained from saying:

"There is no occasion for haste. The very enthusiasm you exhibit suggests an extinct fire. A cold sense of duty will be a cheerless helper to one like you. Wait." I longed to say this, but I did not dare. It might serve no better purpose than to make him suspicious of my ability to counsel wisely. He must be left to himself, to nature, and to time.

Samuel Lampley, going up and down the earth, would have been pronounced on all hands a good fellow. Kindness spoke out of every feature and motion. He had incomparable benignity—apparently no unmanageable tendencies, or mastering tastes—was as ready for one work as another, was neither idle nor dull, and, I began to suspect, not selfish. He had not at first attracted me; but I began now to see a necessity of investigating him. If General Washington was going to arise as a fate in the path of these young people, so potent in his silence, were there not other influences, silent also, as potent? It would, as I have already said, have been worse than folly to argue with Augustus.

So I found myself saying to Sam, "How would you like sitting under these trees the remainder of your life?"

"Don't ask me," he answered; "I should expect a volley from West Point, if I dared to hint the truth."

He blushed as he spoke, for he had expressed himself with not a little feeling—and to reveal a feeling with him to be stuck fast in embarrassment. "You think I am lazy enough to sit here forever," he continued, just because of his confusion incapable of stopping short with the first sentence.

"Not at all," I answered. "But the quiet seems exactly to befit you. You don't disturb it."

"I don't believe I was meant to be much of a disturber," said he. "I am too fond of peace."

"You have never told me what you were meant for, or what you intended to do with your life," said I.

He blushed again. "That would hardly interest anybody much," said he. "I haven't a feeling that I shall do very great things, and one must have that, you know, in order to do ever so little."

His remark surprised me, and not less did the emphasis with which he had spoken.

"I am not so sure of that," I said.

"Why, yes. We must begin by believing that we could have made a much better world to start with, for instance, or we shall never try to improve on the old order. So I have been told, at least."

"Don't believe all you are told. When you have made up your mind about your future, Sam, I hope you will tell me. I feel so much more interested in you young folks than you will be likely to suppose. I was your mother's friend."

Sam looked steadily at me, and his honest eyes moistened as he answered, "I have not heard so many people saying things like that, that I can afford *not* to take your word for it. I have made up my mind about my occupation. I shall go into the law."

"The law!" I could have laughed outright, had I not been oppressed by this weighty disclosure, made with so much seriousness.

"You like it?" said I.

He hesitated; then said, in a thoroughly manly manner, "Father must have one of us. He needs one of us; and he has a right to expect one of us." That was the way in which he had reasoned himself into his choice. Necessity—right.

"But there's Augustus," said I.

"Gus will do better, I hope." There it was again! Each aiming at happiness and success in life for the other, merely despairing of it for himself. I was myself in despair. I had not then heard so many persons, as since I have heard, speak of their life as a failure, and their choice of vocation as a mistake. I felt that the thing I was in the world for was to counteract the influence of Washington, and repair Anna Lampley's second and greatest mistake.

"Gus will do better, I hope. Mother wished him to go into the church, and so does father. He has about decided, I think. Of course, he could only decide their way. He will make a glorious preacher when he is fairly waked up to his work, and to what is in him. It is all in him. He is a splendid fellow. You don't see his best. You don't know how much good your grandmother has done us by turning us into that chamber. We have both been brought to reason."

If you think I could sleep the night after this brief talk with Sam Lampley, you are mistaken. I seemed to have all the future of these young lives in my hand, and knew not what to do. I wondered that their mother could rest in her grave. Perhaps she could not; perhaps she did not rest. The thought soothed me. Why should she be allowed a refuge in this time of danger, through whom the danger came!

I told Olivia what Augustus had said to me, and asked her what she thought. I knew not but some preservative power might lurk in this simple. She had before this day opened her heart to me, and disclosed a swept and garnished chamber, fragrant, orderly, and bright. She had told me, too, that she was only slowly recovering from the effects of the discovery that the boys were not her brothers, as up to the time of Mrs. Lampley's death she had supposed them to be. The loss of them, she said, she believed she should feel as long as she lived. When I told her, she did not hasten to answer.

"Is it a mistake?" I asked.

"If it is," she said, "who can remedy it? Mother thought she understood the boys. And she was so proud of Augustus, and so anxious that it should be settled before she died."

"But I believe," I said, "that it is only since he came here that he has found what he considers a warrant for self-immolation; for that reason I am sorry he came."

"It is a great deal better that he should come to a decision—either way," said she. "Perhaps it is better he should make up his mind to the ministry, then he will find out that he can't follow that calling; and he never would find it out, perhaps, till he had determined that he would follow it."

"The Lord be praised that you see it!" I mentally exclaimed; but I was amazed to hear the girl. She continued: "I think that in the end Sam will be in the pulpit—it's the place for him, and Augustus

in the army, or anywhere else, poor Gus! I don't see quite where."

"And is all that as it should be?" I asked, as if consulting an oracle.

"I think so."

"Though Anna hoped otherwise?"

She did not answer.

"After all, then," I said, "she will come nearer to being blessed in her children than most women do. They will find their proper place and manfully accept it. It is a standing wonder that these preachers preaching to empty pews can't guess the reason why. Palissy didn't stop at his furniture when he wanted more fuel for his furnace-fires. He must have the enamel. If he hadn't been in earnest, he would hardly have dared to encounter the daily rage of his wife. You really think Augustus won't make a mistake?"

I still had no answer, and, looking up, perceived that Olivia had walked away while I spoke.

In October the young people left us. The following year Mr. Lampley married again and went abroad, never to come back. The next report we had of him, he had died in Egypt of fever. I heard nothing further of the boys until the succeeding autumn, when Augustus came to Pine Ridge. He came alone, without having announced his intention. Guest could not have been more welcome. I had been occupied with sad duties and sad thoughts through all the summer until late in September, when my grandmother ceased to take part in mortal affairs. Augustus had heard of her death, and came while I was in the midst of preparations for closing the house, thinking, he said, that he might be of some service to me. But as he needed not to say, and indeed would not say, he had come with quite another purpose, namely, to fortify himself for the impending step—entrance to the theological seminary. I knew this quite as well as if he had confessed it—too well, in fact. But the morning after his arrival he came from his chamber with a countenance changed, and wearing an expression I had never seen on it before.

"I have been considering Sam's case," he said to me; they were his first words after the morning greeting. "I have come to the conclusion that I did not understand rightly the voice of the oracle—he will never succeed at the law."

I begged that he would explain his meaning, though I was not quite candid in intimating thus that I did not see the intimate connection between these words, and all that he had been saying and thinking since the day of his mother's death.

"I will be more explicit, then," said he. "I shall never succeed in the ministry, I fear. The more I reason with myself, the more clearly I see that it is not my duty. I have been watching with myself through the night, and I seemed to hear the general saying, again and again, that I should best fulfil my mother's noblest wish by entering the vocation for which Nature had best endowed me."

"If the Father of his Country is the man of sense I have always taken him to be," said I, "you may depend upon it you are not mis-taken this time; it is just what he must have been saying."

"I can't do my best in the pulpit, or in the army; but I can in the law, and I will take my father's place," he said, with a quiet determination, which showed that all was settled.

"O General Washington," I thought, "you have proved your right to an influence at last!"

That very day Sam Lampley followed his brother down to Pine Ridge, and Augustus told him what he for his part had resolved upon. There was no flinching of voice or of glance as he spoke.

Sam's face was transfigured by the announcement, as I had seen that of Augustus in the morning. He threw up his hands with an exclamation of delight. "I felt as sure of it as I dared," said he; "but how did it ever come about?"

"Why, I don't know," answered Augustus, "unless it has come of lying in state at Pine Ridge."

"My path is clear enough now," said Sam. "Oh, Gus, so clear!"

"From beginning to end," returned Augustus.

What they meant by that, I understood better than I did at the time the words were spoken, when Olivia came as the Reverend Samuel Lampley's bride, and the sister of Augustus, to spend the Lynn pastor's summer vacation with me.

The scape-goat is never wanting, I suppose; but, thanks to Nature and the general, this time willingness made the victim no victim, and his burden a blessing.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*
OR,
BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

CONCLUSION.—SEA AND NIGHT.

I.

WATCH-DOG MAY BE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

GWYNPLAINE broke out into an explanation.

—It is you, wolf!

Homo wagged his tail; his eyes glistened in the obscurity. He looked at Gwynplaine.

Then he betook himself to licking his hands. Gwynplaine remained an instant as though intoxicated. He had experienced the shock of the prodigious reentry of hope. Homo, what an apparition! During forty-eight hours, he had exhausted what we might term all the variations of the thunder-stroke; it remained for him to receive the thunder-stroke of delight. It was this one that had just fallen on him. Certainty regained, or at least the clearing-up that leads to it; the sudden intervention of an inexplicable and mysterious clemency, that may perchance be a portion of fate; life saying, "Here am I!" at the darkest of the tomb, at the moment when there is no more to be expected, a sudden suggestion of cure and deliverance; something like a foothold found again at the most critical instant of a downward slip—Homo was all this. Gwynplaine saw the wolf as if irradiated.

Nevertheless, Homo turned away. He took a few steps, and looked back, as though to see if Gwynplaine were following him.

Gwynplaine began walking after him. Homo wagged his tail, and continued on his way.

This way, on which the wolf proceeded, was the slope of the Effroestone quay. This slope led to the bank of the Thames. Gwynplaine, conducted by Homo, descended this slope. From time to time, Homo turned his head, to assure himself that Gwynplaine was behind him.

In certain supreme situations, nothing so much resembles an intelligence comprehending every thing, as the simple instinct of a loving beast. The animal is a lucid somnambulist.

There are cases in which the dog feels impelled to follow his master; others, in which he feels impelled to precede him. Then the animal assumes the direction of the mental. The imperturbable sense of smelling sees confusedly in our twilight. To make of himself the guide appears vaguely to the beast as a necessity. Does he know that there is a dangerous bit of ground, and that he must assist the man to pass it? No, probably. Yes, perhaps. In all cases, some one knows it for him. We have remarked already that very often in life august aid, that we think comes from below, comes really from on high. We know not all the forms that God may assume. What is the animal?—providence.

Having reached the bank, the wolf went down upon the narrow strip of land that ran alongside the Thames.

He did not utter any cry, he did not bark; he walked on, mute. On all occasions, Homo followed his instinct and did his duty, but with the pensive reserve of the outlaw.

After about fifty steps, he stopped. On the right, there was a jetty. At the end of this jetty, a sort of landing-place on piles, might be seen a dark mass, which was a tolerably large vessel. On the deck of this vessel, toward the bow, there was a very indistinct light, that looked like a night-lamp on the point of going out.

The wolf assured himself for the last time that Gwynplaine

was there, then bounded upon the jetty, a long passage-way planked and pitched, supported by open wood-work, and under which the water of the stream was flowing. In a few moments, Homo and Gwynplaine reached the point.

The vessel moored at the end of the jetty was one of those tun-bellied Dutch craft, with two decks cut down, one forward, the other aft, having, in the Japanese style, between the two decks, a deep compartment entirely open, into which a straight ladder led down, and which was filled with all the packages of the cargo. This made a quarter-deck and forecabin, as in our old river packet-boats, with a hollow amidships. The freight ballasted this hollow. The paper-boats, that children make, have nearly this form. Under the decks were the cabins, communicating by doors with this midship-compartment, and lighted by small port-holes in the side-planks. In stowing the cargo, passages were kept free between the packages. The two masts of these galliots were planted in the two decks. The mast on the forecabin was called the Paul; the mast on the quarter-deck was called the Peter—the vessel being propelled by the two masts as the church by its two apostles. A narrow gangway, like a Chinese bridge, went from one deck to the other, above the midship compartment. In bad weather, the two boarded sides to the gangway were lowered, right and left, by a mechanical arrangement, so that a roof was made for the hollow compartment, and the vessel, in high seas, was hermetically sealed. These very massive barks had a beam for tiller, the power of the helm being proportioned to the heaviness of the draught. Three men, the master and two seamen, with a youngster, the cabin-boy, were enough to manœuvre these ponderous sea-machines. The decks forward and aft were, as we have said, without rail. This particular galliot was a large, full-bottomed hull, all black; and on it might be read, in white letters, visible by night: *Vograat, Rotterdam*.

At that period, several occurrences at sea, and the quite recent catastrophe of the Baron Pointi's eight ships at Cape Carnero,* in compelling all the French fleet to fall back upon Gibraltar, had swept the Channel, and cleared the passage between London and Rotterdam of every ship-of-war, so that merchant-ships could come and go, without escort.

The galliot on which *Vograat* might have been read, and close to which Gwynplaine had arrived, touched the jetty with the larboard side of her after-deck, almost on a level. It was but one step to go down. Homo, with a bound, and Gwynplaine with a stride, were on board. Both found themselves on the quarter-deck. The deck was deserted, and no movement was visible; the passengers—if there were any, and it was probable that there were—had embarked, seeing that the galliot was ready for a start, and that the stowage of freight was completed, this being indicated by the filling up of the hollow compartment, encumbered with bales and cases. But they had without doubt gone to bed, and were probably asleep in the 'tween-decks, as the passage was to be begun by night. Under such circumstances, the passengers would only appear on deck the next morning, on waking. As for the crew, they were very likely eating their supper, while waiting for the start now near at hand, in the hole then called the sailor's cabin. Thence the solitude of the forecabin-deck and the quarter-deck, connected by the gangway.

Upon the jetty, the wolf had almost galloped; on board the galliot, he had taken to walking slowly, as though with discretion. He no longer wagged his tail joyfully, but with the sad and feeble oscillation of a restless dog. Still, in advance of Gwynplaine, he crossed the quarter-deck and traversed the gangway.

Gwynplaine, on stepping upon this passage-way, saw a glimmer before him. This was the light that he had seen from the bank. A lantern was placed on the deck, at the foot of the forward mast; and the reflection from this lantern cut out,

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

* 21st of April, 1705.

in black relief upon the deep gloom of the night, a form that had four wheels. Gwynplaine recognized Ursus' old hut.

This poor wooden hovel, cart, and cabin, wherein his childhood had rolled along, was secured at the foot of the mast by thick cords, the knots of which were visible among the wheels. After having so long passed out of service, it was in a veritable state of decay. Nothing dilapidates men and things so much as abstaining from occupation; it had a wretched leaning to one side. Disuse had made it quite paralytic; and, besides, it had that incurable malady, old age. Its outline, shapeless and worm-eaten, bent over in the attitude of ruin. All its component parts had a damaged look; the iron-work was rusty, the leather was cracked, the wood-work was rotten. Cracks starred the glass of the front window, traversed by a ray of light from the lantern. The wheels were indented. The partitions, the flooring, and the axle-trees seemed to be worn out with fatigue. The whole together was an inexpressible compound of the broken down and of the humbled. The two shafts, pointed upward, had the look of two arms raised to heaven. The booth was disjointed in all its parts. Underneath it, Homo's chain might be distinguished, hanging down.

Life and happiness and love being found anew, it would seem to be the law and also the will of nature, to run toward them at fullest speed and to precipitate ourselves upon them. Yes, save in case of deep-felt trembling. Whoever emerges, all shaken and disconcerted, from a series of catastrophes that smack of treachery, becomes prudent, even in his joy; fears lest he bring down his own fatality upon those whom he loves; feels himself to be mournfully contagious; and uses precaution while advancing in felicity. Paradise is reopened; before entering it again, we scrutinize it.

Gwynplaine, tottering under his emotions, looked about him. The wolf had gone silently to lie down near his chain.

II.

BARKILPHEDRO, AIMING AT THE EAGLE, SHOOTS THE DOVE.

THE door-step of the hut was lowered; the door was ajar; there was no one inside; the little light, that found its way in by the front window, vaguely shaped out the interior of the hovel in a dismal chiaroscuro. Ursus' inscriptions, glorifying the grandeur of lords, were distinct upon the decrepit boards, at once external wall and internal wainscoting. On a nail near the door, Gwynplaine saw his leather collar and his hooded cloak, as in a Morgue the garments of a corpse.

The hut hid something that was stretched upon the deck at the foot of the mast, and on which the lantern threw its light. It was a mattress, whereof one corner was perceptible. On this mattress some one was probably lying. The shadow of a movement could be seen.

There was speaking. Gwynplaine listened, concealed by the intervening of the hut.

It was Ursus' voice.

This voice, so harsh in its outer notes and so tender beneath them, that had hectored so much and yet conducted Gwynplaine so well since his childhood, had no longer its sagacious and lively ring. It was vague and deep, and lost itself in sighs at the close of each phrase. It bore but a confused resemblance to Ursus' simple and firm voice of old. It was like the word of some one whose happiness is dead.

Ursus seemed to be engaged in a monologue, rather than a dialogue. Furthermore—as you know—it was his habit to soliloquize. From this cause, he passed for a maniac.

Gwynplaine held his breath, so as not to lose a word of what Ursus was saying; and this is what he heard:

—This sort of vessel is very dangerous. It has no bulwark. If you take a roll at sea, nothing stops you. If there should be bad weather, it would be necessary to put her down under deck, which would be terrible. An awkward movement, an alarm—and there would be a rupture of an aneurism. I have seen samples of it. Ah! good God, what will become of us?

Is she asleep? Yes. She is sleeping. I do believe she is sleeping. Is she unconscious? No. She has a pulse strong enough. Certainly, she is asleep. Sleep is a reprieve. It is profitable blindness. How to manage, so that no one may come stamping his feet this way? Gentlemen, if there is any one there on deck, I implore you make no noise. Do not come near us, if it is the same to you. You understand—a person of delicate health—there must be consideration. She has a fever on her, you see. She is quite young. It is a little one, who has a fever. I have spread this mattress outside, that she may get a little air. I explain this, that attention may be paid to it. She has fallen upon the mattress from exhaustion, as though she had fainted away. But she is sleeping. I would not have any one wake her. I address myself to women, if there are any ladies on board. A young girl is an object for pity. We are only poor mountebanks; I ask for a small matter of kindness, and then, if there is any thing to pay for no noise being made, I will pay it. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Is any one there? No. I don't think there is any one. I speak at a dead loss. So much the better. Gentlemen, I thank you if you are there, and I thank you much if you are not there.—Her forehead is all in perspiration.—Come, let us get back to the hulks, let us resume the collar! Misery has returned. Here we are falling to the ground. A hand, a fearful hand that we do not see, but that we feel always on us, has suddenly shifted us round to the dark side of destiny. So be it; we will have courage. Only, she must not be ill. It is absurd of me to be talking aloud thus, all alone; but she must absolutely feel that she has some one near her, if she comes to wake. Provided that they don't wake her up abruptly! No noise, in Heaven's name! A shock, that made her start up suddenly, would be good for nothing. It would be abominable to have any one walking this way. I believe the people sleep on board. I thank Providence for so much gained. Well, well; and Homo, where is he? In all this turning upside down, I forgot to chain him up. I no longer know what I am doing; it is more than an hour since I saw him. He must have gone to look for his supper outside. I hope no harm has happened to him! Homo! Homo!

Homo flopped his tail gently against the deck-plank.

—You are there! Ah! you are there. Thank God! Homo lost would have been too much. She is changing the position of her arm. Perhaps she is going to wake up. Be quiet, Homo! The tide is coming down. We shall soon start. I think it will be fine to-night. There is no north wind; the pennant clings to the mast; we shall have a good passage. I don't know how it is about the moon. But the clouds scarcely move. There will be no sea. We shall have fine weather. She is pale. That is from weakness. But, no, she is red; that's fever. But, no, she is rosy; she is well. I don't see through it clearly any more. My poor Homo, I don't see through it clearly any more. Then, we must begin life again. We are going to betake ourselves again to work. There are no more than we two, do you see? We will work for her, you and I. She is our child. Ah! the vessel is moving. We are off. Adieu, London! Good-evening! Good-night! The devil take you. Ah! that horrible London!

There was, in fact, on board the galliot, the dull stir of getting a-trip. The interval was widening between the jetty and the stern. There might be seen at the other end of the vessel, abaft, a man standing up, the master doubtless, who had just come out from the 'tween-decks, and had cast off the fastenings, and was managing the helm. This man, attentive only to the current—as is befitting, when one is made up of the double phlegm of a Dutchman and of a sailor—hearing nothing and seeing nothing but wind and water, bending over the end of the tiller, and fused with the obscurity, swayed slowly across the quarter-deck, gliding to and fro from port to starboard, like a phantom with a beam upon its shoulder. He was alone upon the deck. So long as they were in the river, no other sailor

was required. In a few minutes, the galliot was in the tide-way of the stream. She dropped down it, without pitching or rolling. The Thames, little troubled by the ebb, was calm. The tide carrying her on, the vessel went rapidly on her course. Behind her, the dark pageant of London disappeared in the mist.

Ursus went on:

—It's all the same; I'll make her take foxglove. I'm afraid of delirium coming on. She has perspiration in the palm of her hand. But what is it that we have done to the good God? How quickly has all this misfortune come on us! Hideous rapidity of evil! A stone falls; it has claws—it is the hawk underneath the lark. It is destiny. And you are lying sick there, my sweet child! We come to London. They tell us:—It is a grand city, that has splendid edifices. Southwark is a magnificent suburb.—We establish ourselves there. Now, these are abominable places. What would you have me do there? I am content to go away from it. We are at the 30th of April. I have always had a suspicion of the month of April. The month of April has only two fortunate days, the 5th and the 27th, and four unfortunate days, the 10th, the 20th, the 29th, and the 30th. This has been put beyond doubt by the calculations of Cardan. I would that to-day were over. To have started is some comfort. In the gray of the morning we shall be at Gravesend, and to-morrow evening at Rotterdam. Zounds! I will begin again the life of old days in the hut; we will drag it, won't we, Homo?

A light flopping announced the wolf's consent.

Ursus continued:

—If one could get out of an affliction as one gets out of a town, Homo, we might still be happy. Alas! there is always the one who is no more. A shadow rests upon those who survive. You know, Homo, whom I mean. We were four; we are no more than three. Life is only a long losing of all that we love. We leave behind us a train of griefs. Fate astounds us by a lengthening out of unbearable sufferings. After that, people are surprised that old folks are given to tiresome repetitions. It is despair that makes blockheads. My brave Homo, the fair wind holds on. We see no more at all the dome of St. Paul's. We shall soon pass in front of Greenwich. That will be six good miles done. Ah! I turn my back forever on these odious capitals, full of priests, of magistrates, of populace. I prefer to see the leaves quivering in the woods.—Her forehead all the time in perspiration! She has a swelling of her violet veins upon the arm, that I don't like. It is the inward fever. Ah! all that kills me. Sleep, my child! Oh, yes, she is asleep!

Here a voice was heard, an ineffable voice, that seemed far away, that appeared to come simultaneously from the heights and from the depths, divinely ill-omened—the voice of Dea.

All that Gwynplaine had experienced, up to that moment, was no longer any thing. His angel was speaking. He seemed to hear words spoken outside of life, in a swoon that was full of Heaven.

The voice said:

—He was right to go away. This world is not that which is essential for him; only, I must go with him. Father, I am not ill; I heard what you said just now. I am well, I am quite well; I have been asleep. Father, I am about to be happy.

—My child, asked Ursus, with agonized accent, what do you mean by that?

The answer was:

—Do not be uneasy, father.

There was a pause, as though for recovering breath: then these few words, spoken slowly, reached Gwynplaine:

—Gwynplaine is no more there. It is now that I am blind. I did not know what night was. Night is absence.

The voice stopped again; then resumed:

—I was always fearful that he might fly away; I felt that he was celestial. He has taken flight suddenly. It is thus

that it ought to have ended. A soul goes up like a bird. But the nest of the soul is at a depth where there is a great loadstone that draws every thing, and well do I know where to find Gwynplaine again. I am not troubled about my way, look you! Father, it is yonder. You will rejoin us hereafter. And Homo, too.

Homo, hearing his name uttered, flopped a slight blow upon the deck.

—Father, continued the voice, you understand well that, from the moment when Gwynplaine is not there, the thing is ended. If I would remain, I could not, because one must absolutely have breath. We must not ask what is not possible. I was with Gwynplaine; it was very simple; I lived. Now Gwynplaine is no more here, I die. It is all the same. Either he must come back, or I must go away. Since he cannot come back, I am going. To die is very good. It is not difficult at all. What is extinguished here, father, is relighted elsewhere. To live on this earth, where we are, is heart-breaking. It cannot be, that we are to be always wretched. Therefore, we go away to what you call the stars; we marry there; there is no more separation there, forever; we love each other, we love each other, we love each other; and therein is the good God.

—Hush! said Ursus, do not be excited!

The voice persevered:

—Well, for instance, last year, in the spring of last year, we were together, we were happy; how wide the difference now! I do not recollect now in what little town we were; there were trees; I heard the linnets sing. We came to London. That changed all. It is not a reproach that I am making. We come into a country; we cannot know it. Do you remember, father, one evening there a woman in the large box, and you said:—It is a duchess!—and I was sad? I believe it would have been better worth while to remain in the small towns. Thereupon, Gwynplaine has done well. Now it is my turn. Since it was you yourself who told me that I was very little, that my mother was dead, that I was on the ground at night with the snow falling on me, and that he, who was also little and all alone also, picked me up, and that it was thus that I came into life, you cannot be surprised that I feel now within me the imperative need of setting off, and that I desire to go and seek in the tomb whether Gwynplaine is there. Because the only thing that exists in life is the heart, and after life the soul. You can make out, father, the meaning of what I say; can you not? What is it then that is moving? It seems to me that we are in a house that moves. Still, I don't hear the noise of wheels.

After a pause, the voice added:

—I cannot well distinguish between yesterday and to-day. I do not complain. I do not know what happened; but something must have taken place.

These words were uttered with profound but inconsolable sweetness; and a sigh, that reached Gwynplaine, ended thus:

—I must go, unless at least he comes back.

Ursus gloomily mumbled out in low tone:

—I don't believe in ghosts.

He went on:

—It is a bark. You ask why the house moves; it is because we are in a bark. Calm yourself. You must not talk too much. If, daughter, you have any little regard for me, do not agitate yourself, do not give yourself fever. At my age, I could not bear any illness that you might have. Spare me; do not be ill!

The voice began again:

—Of what use to seek upon earth, as we can only find in Heaven?

Ursus answered, with almost an approach to authority:

—Be calm. There are moments when you cannot understand every thing. I advise you to remain at rest. After all, you are not bound to know what the "vena cava" is. I

should be at ease, if you were at ease. My child, do something also for me. He picked you up, but I gathered you in. You make yourself ill. That is wrong. You must calm yourself, and sleep. All will go well; I swear to you, on my word of honor, that all will go well; besides, we are having specially fine weather. It is like a night made expressly. To-morrow we shall be at Rotterdam, which is a town in Holland, at the mouth of the Meuse.

—Father, said the voice, look you, inasmuch as it has been since childhood, and that we have always been together, it must not be that this should be deranged; otherwise, one must die, and there is no way to do any thing else. I love you well, all the same; but I feel strongly that I am no longer entirely with you, though I am not yet with him.

—Come, said Ursus, try to go to sleep again.

The voice replied:

—It is not that, that will fail me.

Ursus responded, with an intonation that trembled greatly:

—I tell you that we are going into Holland, to Rotterdam, which is a city.

—Father, continued the voice, I am not ill. If it is this that troubles you, you may reassure yourself. I have no fever. I am a little warm, that is all.

Ursus stammered:

—At the mouth of the Meuse.

—I am well enough, father; but, look you, I feel that I am dying.

—Do not bethink yourself of any such thing! said Ursus.

And he added:

—Above all, my God, may she have no shock!

There was silence.

All at once Ursus exclaimed:

—What are you doing? Why are you raising yourself up? Remain lying down, I beseech you!

Gwynplaine shuddered, and advanced his head forward.

III.

PARADISE FOUND AGAIN HERE BELOW.

HE saw Dea. She had just raised herself straight up on the mattress. She wore a long white gown carefully closed, which allowed only the slope of her shoulders and their delicate junction with her neck to be seen. The sleeves hid her arms; the folds covered her feet. Her hands were visible; and in them the network of bluish veins, hot with fever, branched off and swelled out. She was shivering, and waved to and fro like a reed, rather than tottered. The lantern threw a light on her from below. Her face was indescribably beautiful. Her hair was floating, unbound. Not a tear was coursing on her cheeks. In her eyeballs there was something of fire and something of night. She was pale, with the pallor that resembles life divine upon an earthly countenance. Her exquisite and frail form was, as it were, lost and mingled in the foldings of her dress. She waved to and fro in all her person, like the trembling of a flame. And at the same time, it was felt that she was beginning to be naught but shadow. Her eyes, opened to the full, shone brilliantly. You would have said that this was a coming forth from the sepulchre, and a soul upstanding in the morning dawn.

Ursus, whose back only was seen by Gwynplaine, lifted up his frightened arms.

—Daughter! Ah! good God, here is delirium taking hold of her. Delirium! That is just what I feared. There must be no shock, for that might kill her: and yet there should be one, to save her from becoming mad. Dead, or mad! What a situation! Daughter, lie down again!

Nevertheless, Dea still spoke. Her voice was almost indistinct, as though some celestial obstacle was already interposed between her and earth.

—You are mistaken, father, I am not delirious. I understand perfectly all that you tell me. You tell me that there

are crowds of people, that they are waiting, and that I must play this evening. I am quite willing; you see that I am in my senses; but I do not know how to do it, since I am dead and since Gwynplaine is dead. For myself, I am coming, all the same. I consent to play. Here I am; but Gwynplaine is not here any more.

—My child, repeated Ursus, come, obey me. Lie down on the bed again.

—He is no more here! He is no more here! Oh! how black it is!

—Black! stammered Ursus; that's the first time she ever said that word!

Gwynplaine, with no more noise than that of gliding, mounted the first step of the hut, entered it, unhooked his hooded cloak and his leather collar, threw the cloak over his back, put the collar over his neck, and came down again, concealed all the time by the jumbling together of the cabin, the rigging, and the mast.

Dea continued to murmur. She moved her lips, and by degrees the murmur became a melody. She sketched out, with the pauses and omissions of delirium, the mysterious call that she had so often addressed to Gwynplaine in *Chaos Conquered*. She began to sing; and her singing was vague and low, like the humming of a bee:

* Noche, quitate de alif.
La alba canta. . .

She interrupted herself:

—No, it is not true; I am not dead. What was I saying? Alas! I am alive. I am alive, and he is dead. I am below, and he is above. He is gone, and I remain. I shall not hear him talking and walking any more. God had given us a little bit of paradise upon earth; He has taken it away again from us. Gwynplaine, it is over. I shall not feel him near me any more. Never. His voice! I shall not hear his voice any more.

And she sang:

† Es monester á cielos ir. . .
. . . Quita, quiero,
A tu negro
Caparazon!

And she stretched out her hand, as though seeking whereon to lean, in the infinite.

Gwynplaine, starting up beside Ursus, who was suddenly petrified, knelt before her.

—Never! said Dea, never! I shall not hear him any more. And she began singing again, abstractedly:

Quita quiero,
A tu negro
Caparazon!

Then she heard a voice, the well-loved voice, that answered:

‡ O ven! ama!
Eres alma,
Soy corazon.

And, at the same time, Dea felt Gwynplaine's head beneath her hand. She gave vent to a cry inexpressible:

—Gwynplaine!

A starry luminousness gleamed upon her pallid face, and she tottered.

Gwynplaine received her in his arms.

—Alive! cried Ursus.

Dea repeated:

—Gwynplaine!

And her head was bent down against Gwynplaine's cheek.

In very low tone, she said:

—You come down again? I thank you.

And, lifting up her brow, seated on Gwynplaine's knee, strained in his embrace, she turned toward him her sweet face, and fixed upon Gwynplaine's eyes her own eyes filled with

* Night, go away! The dawn is singing.

† Thou must go to heaven. Leave, monster, thy black callipash.

‡ Oh! come, love! Thou art soul. I am heart.

darkness and with rays of light, as though she were looking at him.

— It is you! said she.

Gwynplaine covered her gown with kisses. There are words, that are at once words and cries and sobs. All ecstasy and all grief are blended therein, and break forth confusedly. There is no sense in them, and yet they say every thing.

— Yes, I! It is I! I, Gwynplaine! I, whose soul you are, do you hear? I, of whom you are the child, the wife, the star, the breath! I, of whom you are the eternity! It is I! I am here; I hold you in my arms. I am alive. I am yours. Ah! when I think that I was on the point of ending it all. A minute more! Without Homo! I will tell you of it. How near is despair to joy! Dea, let us live! Dea, forgive me! Yes, yours forever. You are right; touch my forehead; assure yourself that it is I. If you know! but nothing can separate us any more. I emerge from hell, and I mount up again to Heaven. You say that I come down again; no; I reascend. Here I am again with you. Forever, I tell you. Together! We are together! Who would have said that? We find each other again. All the evil is ended. There is nothing now but enchantment before us. We will begin again our happy life; and we will shut its door so closely, that evil fortune shall no more be able to enter in. I will relate every thing to you. You will be astonished. The vessel has started. No one can make it out that the vessel has not started. We are on the way, and at liberty. We are going to Holland; we will be married; I am not troubled about gaining my livelihood—who is there that can hinder that? There is nothing any longer to fear. I adore you.

— Not so fast! stammered out Ursus.

Dea, trembling, and with the thrill of a celestial touch, passed her hand over Gwynplaine's profile. He heard her saying to herself:

— It is thus that angels are made.

Then she touched his clothes.

— The leather collar, said she. The hooded cloak. There is nothing changed. All is as it was before.

Ursus, stupefied, brightened up, laughing, bathed in tears, looked at them, and spoke to himself an aside:

— I don't understand it at all. I am an absurd idiot. I who saw him carried to earth! I cry, and I laugh. That's all I know. I am as much of an ass, as though I too myself were in love. But that's what I am. I am in love with the pair. Old brute, away with you! Too many emotions. Too many emotions. This is what I feared. No; it is what I wished. Gwynplaine, treat her gently. In point of fact, let them embrace. That is not my affair. I assist at the incident. What I experience is droll. I am the parasite of their happiness, and I take my share of it. I am for nothing in it, and it seems to me that I am for something in it. My children, I bless you.

And, while Ursus delivered his monologue, Gwynplaine explained:

— Dea, you are too lovely. I don't know where my mind was in those days. There is absolutely only yourself upon earth. I see you again, and I do not yet believe it. On board this bark! But, tell me, what then has happened? And into what a state you have been thrown! Where is the Green-Box? You have been robbed; you have been driven away. It is infamous. Ah! I will avenge you, I will avenge you, Dea. They shall have to deal with me. I am a peer of England.

Ursus, as though struck by a planet full in the breast, fell back and looked attentively at Gwynplaine.

— He's not dead, that's clear; but can he have gone mad?

And he listened with suspicion.

Gwynplaine resumed:

— Be at ease, Dea. I will lay my complaint before the Chamber of Peers.

Ursus examined him again, and touched himself on the middle of the forehead with the tip of his finger.

Then, making up his mind:

— It's just as well for me, murmured he. This will go on all the same. Be mad, if you like it, my Gwynplaine. It is man's right. For my part, I am happy. But what does it all mean?

The galliot continued to pursue its course, gently and rapidly; the night grew darker and darker; fogs that came up from the ocean invaded the zenith, where there was no wind to sweep them away; a few of the larger stars were visible, and blurred themselves one after the other, so that at the end of some time there were no more at all, and all the sky was black, and infinite, and soft. The river widened; and the two banks left and right became only two slight lines in brown, almost blended with the night. A soothing effect was educed from all this shade. Gwynplaine was half-seated, holding Dea in his embrace. They talked, interchanged exclamations, chattered, whispered. Dialogue wasted. How picture thee, O joy?

— My life!

— My heaven!

— My love!

— All my happiness!

— Gwynplaine!

— Dea, I am intoxicated. Let me kiss your feet!

— It is you, then!

— At such moment as this, I have too much to say at once. I do not know how to begin.

— A kiss!

— O my wife!

— Gwynplaine, do not tell me that I am beautiful. It is you who are handsome.

— I find you again; I hold you on my heart. That is so. You are mine. I am not dreaming. It is surely you. Is it possible? Yes. I come back to life. If you did but know; there have been all sorts of events. Dea!

— Gwynplaine!

— I love you.

And Ursus murmured:

— I feel as joyous as a grandfather!

Homo had come out from underneath the hut; and, going from one to the other, discreetly, not requiring that any attention should be paid to him, licked away with his tongue at random, now at Ursus' big shoes, now at Gwynplaine's cloak, now at Dea's gown, now at the mattress. It was his mode of conferring a benediction.

They had passed by Chatham and the mouth of the Medway. They were drawing near the sea. So serene had been the misty expanse, that the descent of the Thames had been effected without difficulty; no manœuvres had been required, and not a sailor had been called on deck. At the other end of the galliot, the master steered, constantly at the tiller. At the stern, there was only this man; at the bow, the lantern threw its rays upon the happy group of beings who, at the depth of misfortune suddenly changed into happiness, had just been brought together thus unexpectedly.

All at once, Dea, disengaging herself from Gwynplaine's embrace, stood up. She pressed both her hands upon her heart, as though to keep it in place.

— What is the matter with me? said she. There is something here. Joy is stifling. It is nothing. It is good. In reappearing, O my Gwynplaine, you have dealt me a blow. A blow of happiness. All of Heaven, that enters the heart, is delirium. You absent, I felt myself dying. You have restored to me the true life, that was passing by. I have had within me, as it were, a rending asunder, the rending asunder of darkness, and I have felt life spring up within me, glowing life, a life of fever and of delights. It is extraordinary, that life with which you have inspired me. It is so heavenly, that it causes some slight suffering. It is as though the soul grew larger, and could scarcely contain itself within the body. This seraphic life, this plenitude, flows ever to my head and thrills through me.

I have something like a beating of wings within my breast. I feel strangely, but very happy. Gwynplaine, you have raised me from the dead.

She turned red, then pale, then red again, and fell.

—Alas! said Ursus, you have killed her!

Gwynplaine stretched out his arms toward Dea. What a shock—supreme anguish coming upon supreme ecstasy! He would have fallen himself, if he had not had her to support.

—Dea! cried he, shuddering, what ails you?

—Nothing, said she. I love you.

She was in Gwynplaine's arms, as loose linen that you gather up. Her hands hung down.

Gwynplaine and Ursus laid Dea upon the mattress. She said feebly:

—I cannot breathe lying down.

They placed her in sitting posture.

Ursus said:

—A pillow!

She answered:

—Why? I have Gwynplaine.

And she put her head upon the shoulder of Gwynplaine, seated behind her and holding her up, his eye wandering and full of woe.

—Ah! said she, how sweet this is!

Ursus had caught hold of her wrist, and was counting the pulsations of the artery. He did not shake his head; he did not say any thing; and what he thought could only be guessed from the quick movement of his eyebrows, opening and closing themselves convulsively, as though to prevent the flood of tears from escaping.

—What is the matter with her? asked Gwynplaine.

Ursus put his ear close down to Dea's left side.

Gwynplaine repeated his question eagerly, though trembling lest Ursus should reply to it.

Ursus looked at Gwynplaine; then at Dea. He was livid. He said:

—We ought to be off Canterbury. The distance hence to Gravesend is not very great. It will be fine weather all night. We need not fear any attack at sea, because the fleets of warships are on the coast of Spain. We shall have a good passage.

Dea, sunk within herself, and paler and paler, crumpled up the stuff of her gown in convulsive fingers. She gave vent to a sigh inexpressibly thoughtful, and murmured:

—I comprehend what this is. I am dying.

Gwynplaine rose up, terrible. Ursus held up Dea.

—Dying! You die? No; that shall not be. You cannot die, die at this moment! die all at once! it is impossible. To give you back, and to take you away again, in the same minute! No. Such things are not done! If so, it would be that God willed that we should doubt Him. If so, all would be a snare—earth, Heaven, the cradle of infants, the sucklings of mothers, the human heart, love, the stars! You know not what you say, Dea! You shall live. I insist upon your living. You know how to obey me. I am your husband and your master. I forbid your leaving me. Ah, Heaven! Ah, wretched men! No; this cannot be. And I shall remain upon earth, after you! This is so monstrous, that there would be no more sun! Dea, Dea, rally yourself. It is a little moment of agony that will pass away. We have shivering-fits sometimes, and then think no more of them. It is absolutely essential for me that you should be well, and that you should not feel any more pain. You to die! Why, what have I done to you? It drives me mad, to think of it. We belong to one another; we love each other. You have no motive for going away. It would be unjust. Have I committed any crimes? Besides, you have forgiven me. Oh! you would not have me become desperate, a villain, a madman, damned? Dea, I pray you, I conjure you, I entreat you with clasped hands—do not die!

And writhing his clinched hands in his hair, in an agony of fear, and choked with tears, he threw himself at her feet.

—My Gwynplaine, said Dea, it is not my fault!

A little froth tinged with red came to her lips that Ursus wiped off with a corner of her gown, and that Gwynplaine, prostrated, did not see. Gwynplaine held Dea's feet clasped, and appealed to her in all sorts of confused terms.

—I tell you, I will not have it. You die! I have not strength for it. Die! yes; but together. Not otherwise. You die, Dea? There is no way by which I can consent to it. My divinity! My love! Make it clear to yourself that I am here! I swear to you that you shall live. Die! why, then, you do not figure to yourself what I should become after your death! If you had but an idea how necessary it is for me not to lose you, you would see that it is positively impossible. Dea! look you, I have but you. What has happened to me is extraordinary. You do not dream that I have traversed all of life in a few hours. I have recognized one thing, which is that there is nothing at all. You, you exist. If you are not in it, there is no more sense in the universe. Remain. Have pity on me. Since you love me, live. I have found you again, and it is that I may keep you. Wait a little. There is no going away in this manner, when we have scarcely been together a few minutes. Be not impatient. Ah! good God, how I suffer! You do not complain of me, do you? You understand thoroughly that I could not do otherwise, because the wapentake came to look for me. You will see that you will be able to breathe better very soon. Dea, all is arranged now. We are going to be happy. Do not plunge me into despair! Dea, I have done nothing to you!

These words were not said, but sobbed. There was perceptible in them a mingling of dejection and of revolt. From Gwynplaine's breast came forth a moan that might have attracted doves, and a roar that might have made lions recoil.

Dea replied to him, in a voice less and less distinct, interrupting herself at almost every word:

—Alas! it is of no use. My own loved one. I see well that you do all that you can. An hour ago, I was willing to die; now I am no longer willing. Gwynplaine, my adored Gwynplaine, how happy have we been! God had set you into my life; He withdraws me from yours. And now, I am going away. You will remember the Green-Box, will you not?—of your poor little blind Dea? You will remember my song. Do not forget the tone of my voice, and how I said to you:—I love you!—I will come back to say it to you, at night, when you are asleep. We found each other again; but it was too much joy. This must finish very soon. It is I decidedly, who set off first. I love my father, Ursus, much, and Homo, our brother. You are kind. There is no air here. Open the window. My Gwynplaine, I never told you; but I was jealous on account of a woman who came here once. You do not even know of whom I would speak. Not true! Cover up my arms. I am somewhat cold. And Fibi and Vinos, where are they? We end by loving everybody. We make friends of those, who have seen us in our happiness. We are grateful to them for having been there while we were content. Why has all this happened? I have not properly understood what has taken place during these last two days. Now I am dying. You will leave me in my gown. A while ago, in putting it on, I thought that it would be my winding-sheet. I want to keep it. There are some of Gwynplaine's kisses on it. Oh! nevertheless, I could assuredly have wished still to live. How charming was the life we led, in our poor hovel that rolled along! There was singing. I listened to the clapping of hands. How delicious it was, never to be separated! It seemed to me that I was in a cloud with you; I explained every thing well to myself; I distinguished one light from another, though blind; I knew that it was morning, because I heard Gwynplaine; I knew that it was night, because I dreamed of Gwynplaine. I felt something enwrapping me around, which was his soul. We have adored each other sweetly. All this is going away, and there will be no more

songs. Alas! it is not possible, then, to live on! You will think of me, my well-loved one!

Her voice became weaker. As the mournful agony decreased, her breathing became more difficult. She bent back her thumb under her fingers, a sign that the last minute was near at hand. The stammer of the dawning angel seemed to be faintly indicated, in the gentle death-rattle of the virgin.

She murmured:

— You will remember, will you not?—for it would be very sad that I were dead, if you were not to remember me. I have been naughty, sometimes. I ask forgiveness from you all. I am very sure that, if the good God had willed it, since we do not take up much room, we should have been happy again, my Gwynplaine, for we could have gained our livelihood, and we should have been together in another country; but the good God has not willed it. I do not know in the least why I am dying. As I did not complain of being blind, I did no harm to any one. I should have asked nothing better than to remain blind forever, at your side. Oh! how sad is it to go away!

Her words came short, and were extinguished one after the other, as though some one had blown them out. They no longer heard her.

— Gwynplaine, she resumed, is it not so—you will think of me? I shall need it, when I am dead.

And she added:

— Oh! keep me back!

Then, after a pause, she said:

— Come and join me so soon as you possibly can! I am going to be very wretched without you, even with God. My sweet Gwynplaine, leave me not too long alone! It is here that paradise was; up, yonder, it is only Heaven! Ah! I am stifling! My loved one, my loved one, my loved one!

— Mercy! cried Gwynplaine.

— Adieu! said she.

— Mercy! repeated Gwynplaine.

And he fastened his mouth upon the fair cold hands of Dea. She was for a moment as though she did not breathe.

Then she raised herself up on her elbows; a far-reaching light passed across her eyes; and she smiled ineffably. Her voice broke out, full-toned:

— Light! cried she. I see!

And she died.

She fell back, stretched out and motionless, upon the mattress.

— Dead! said Ursus.

And the poor old simple man, as though falling to pieces beneath his despair, bent down his bald head and buried his sobbing countenance in the folds of her gown, at Dea's feet.

Then was Gwynplaine terrible to look at.

He stood up, raised his brow, and gazed forth. Over his head was the night in its immensity.

Then, seen of no one, regarded none the less perchance in the darkness by some one from the invisible world, he stretched out his arms toward the profundity above him, and said:

— I am coming.

And he began walking toward the bow of the galliot, as though a vision drew him on.

At some steps from him was the abyss.

He walked slowly. He did not look beneath his feet.

He wore the smile that Dea had worn.

He went forward straight before him. He seemed to see something. He had upon his eyeball a light, which was, as it were, the reflection from a soul perceived afar off.

He exclaimed: — Yes.

At each step he drew near the edge.

He walked in a set attitude, his arms raised, his head thrown back, his eye fixed, with a phantom's movement.

He advanced, without haste and without hesitation, with a

fatal precision, as though he had not close to him the yawning gulf and the open tomb.

He murmured: — Be tranquil. I follow you. Well do I distinguish the sign that you make to me.

He did not take his eyes off one point in the sky, at the very highest of the shade. He smiled.

The sky was absolutely black. There were no stars; but evidently there was one that he saw.

He passed across the deck.

After some steps, firm and ominous, he reached the extreme edge.

— I come, said he. Dea, here I am!

And he continued to walk on. There was no bulwark. The void was before him. He set therein his foot.

He fell.

The night was thick and dull; the water was deep. He was swallowed up. It was a disappearance, calm and sombre. No one heard or saw any thing. The vessel continued to float on, and the stream to run.

Soon afterward, the galliot entered upon the ocean.

When Ursus came to himself, he no longer saw Gwynplaine; but, near the edge of the vessel, he saw Homo, who was howling into the dark space as he looked at the sea.

THE END.

The author has prefixed to this work the following *Preface*:

"In England all is great, even that which is not good, even oligarchy. The English patriciate is the patriciate in the precise meaning of the word. No feudality more illustrious, more terrible, and more full of life. We may remark, also, that this feudality has been useful in its time. It is in England that this phenomenon, nobility, ought to be studied, just as it is in France that we ought to study this phenomenon, royalty.

"The true title of this book might have been *Aristocracy*. Another book, which will follow, may be entitled *Monarchy*. And these two books—if it is permitted to the author to complete this labor—will precede and lead to another, which will be called *Ninety-Three*.—HAUTEVILLE-HOUSE, 1869."

COUNT DE WALDECK.

IN a previous number of this JOURNAL* we gave some account of a remarkably well-preserved centenarian, the veteran Captain L—, but we have now to place before our readers the record of a still more remarkable instance of green old age, in the person of Count de Waldeck. When he was three years of age, Napoleon was unborn, and when this century commenced the count had numbered almost as many years as Burns and Byron had numbered when they died, yet this extraordinary man is now superintending the publication of a costly illustrated work on Mexico, and daily mounts to the fifth story of a house in the *Chaussée des Martyrs*, where he has his atelier. Good light is only attainable in Paris in the higher regions, and in making his drawings, as well as in painting, the count of course requires the best light he can obtain.

The Count de Waldeck, a well-known artist and author, was born at Prague, July 16, 1766. Though a German by birth, he speaks only French and English, retaining very little of his native tongue, which, by the way, he has had ample time to forget, as it is now ninety years since he left the land of his birth. The count has seen much of the world. He arrived in France at the age of thirteen; nine years afterward he left for the English colony at the Cape of Good Hope, where he became acquainted with the celebrated traveller Le Vaillant. He returned to Paris on the eve of the Revolution, and was an intimate friend of Danton, who, two days before his death, gave Waldeck his picture, which he still preserves. He was present at the death of the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe—some

* APPLETON'S JOURNAL No. 12, for June 19, 1869.

drops of whose blood, from the decapitated head, fell on his face and garments.

After the 9th Thermidor, he caused the release from prison of his friend Le Vaillant; then quitting France made the campaign of Italy as a volunteer soldier, but, instead of returning to his adopted country, travelled with six friends through Southern Africa, where his companions all perished. The count traversed Nubia, Abyssinia, and Mozambique, and returned, after passing through incredible hardships, and "hair-breadth scapes," to the Cape, where he joined his fortunes to those of Surcouf, the corsair, who was for a long time the terror of the English, and accompanied him through many of his terrible adventures.

Taken prisoner by the English, the count was carried to England. The Duke of York soon after procured his release, and he became one of the lions of London society for a season. Among M. de Waldeck's intimate friends were Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and Samuel Rogers. He accompanied Lord Cochrane to Chili, and then travelled in Yucatan and Mexico, copying ancient ruins and studying the habits and customs of those countries. He lived among the Aztec Indians for three years, and learned their language, suffering, as in Africa, incredible hardships.

After returning from this arduous voyage or tour, he published in part the result of his inquiries and observations. His work was principally devoted to Yucatan, and he was made a member of the *Comité Archéologique Américain*. "When I called on Count de Waldeck," says a writer in *Le Petit Journal de Paris*, "I found the vigorous and hale centenarian busy in finishing the plan of a Mexican temple, for, in addition to his artistic works, he is occupied with an Archæological Encyclopedia of America. The lines of this architectural drawing were straight and firm, and could not have been better done by any young man. I saw him write the accompanying description: his hand is flowing and of remarkable neatness. The excellent old man received me with much affability. He has the *coquetterie* of his age, and likes to talk. He showed me his picture, which will certainly make a figure at the next exhibition.

"It is not the first time," said he, "that I have had pictures at the Exhibition, but *this* time I hope to distinguish myself."

"I could not help smiling at this very natural vanity of youth.

"Oh," said the lively old gentleman, "I have plenty of time before me; I sleep like a top and eat like a wolf. Only my legs are a little lazy—thanks to a rattlesnake bite I once got. When I take long walks, they tire me."

"And I, too, monsieur le count," I replied.

"I ought to add that the count, by the way, goes out to walk every day; and again in the evening. He was married a second time when eighty-two years of age, and has a son of eighteen. When I took leave I begged permission to call again.

"You will give me great pleasure," said he, "but you had better hurry, for I have received an invitation from a distinguished lawyer of New York, to run out and visit him, and I rather think I shall be in America in April."

We promise the venerable artist and *magnifique vieillard* a warm welcome, should he carry out his intention and land in the good city of Gotham, and we furthermore promise to present him to Captain L—, another lively youth of one hundred and four, who met the count on the Continent some four-score years ago.

The count is a constant contributor to the periodical press, and in a number of the *Courrier de Paris*, now before us, under the title of *Loisirs du Centenaire*, he has an interesting article of two columns, in which he gives a vivid and most graphic description of a sixteenth century episode in the history of Central America. He has two pictures in the Paris Exhibition of 1869,

one of which contains no less than two hundred and fifty-five historical figures, prominent in French literary, military, and scientific history. He still enjoys society and social amusements, and twice during the month of July attended dinner parties, accompanied by his young English wife of forty years of age. He enjoys excellent health, and takes strong walking exercise every day. Within a month he accompanied two American ladies to the Louvre and Luxembourg, and spent several hours in pointing out to them the most remarkable works of art in those noble collections. It is difficult to believe that this well-preserved old man, who is still in possession of all his faculties, who has lived through the whole life of our Republic, and who perfectly remembers hearing the news of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, was really born more than a century ago, for he is without the usual accompaniments of extreme old age, as set forth by Spenser, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," when he says:

"The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind.
And in my face deep furrows old hath plight;
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright;
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past;
No sun now shines, clouds have all overcast."

The belief, that we may live too fast in this crowded age to live long, does not bear the test of facts. Life is certainly of no less duration now, as is clearly shown by the record of the veterans Captain L—, of New York, and the Count de Waldeck, of Paris, than it was a thousand years ago, when the world was guiltless of any knowledge of gunpowder, printing, ocean steamers, Pacific railroads, and Atlantic cables.

EFFECTS OF HASHISH.

I HAVE often taken the drug, rather for curiosity to discover what its attractions might be, than for aught of pleasurable excitement I ever experienced. The taste of the potion is exactly what a mixture of milk, sugar, pounded black pepper, and a few spices would produce. The first result is a contraction of the nerves of the throat, which is any thing but agreeable. Presently the brain becomes affected; you feel an extraordinary lightness of head, as it were; your sight settles upon one object, obstinately refusing to abandon it; your other senses become unusually acute—uncomfortably sensible—and you feel a tingling which shoots like an electric shock down your limbs till it voids itself through the extremities. You may stand in the burning sunshine without being conscious of heat, and every sharp pain is instantly dulled. Your cautiousness and your reflective organs are painfully stimulated; you fear every thing and everybody, even the man who shared the cup with you, and the servant who prepared it; you suspect treachery everywhere, and in the simplest action detect objects the most complexly villanous. Your thoughts become wild and incoherent, your fancy runs frantic. If you happen to exceed a little, the confusion of your ideas and the disorder of your imagination will become intense. I recollect on one occasion being persuaded that my leg was revolving upon its knee as an axis, and could distinctly feel as well as hear it strike against and pass through the shoulder during each revolution. Any one may make you suffer agony by simply remarking that a particular limb must be in great pain, and you catch at every hint thrown out to you, nurse it and cherish it with a fixed and morbid eagerness that savors strongly of insanity. This state is a very dangerous one, especially to a novice; madness and catalepsy being by no means uncommon terminations to it. If an assembly are under the influence of the drug, and a single individual happen to cough or to laugh, the rest, no matter how many, are sure to follow his example. The generally used restoratives are a wineglassful of pure lemon-juice, half a dozen cucumbers eaten raw, and a few puffs of the hookah; you may conceive the state of your unhappy stomach after the reception of these remedies. Even without them you generally suffer from severe indigestion, for, during the intoxication, the natural hunger which the hashish produces excites you to eat a supper sufficient for two days with ordinary circumstances.



THE FRENCH MARSHAL.

M^CMAHON up the street of Paris came,
 In triumph from Magenta. Every one
 Had heard and praised the fearless marshal's name,
 And gloried in the deeds that he had done.
 Crowds packed the walks, and at each several glass
 A face was set to see the hero pass.

Grand music lifted in the morning air
 Its eloquent voice. Loud-mouthed bells were rung,
 Guns boomed till echoes welcomed everywhere ;
 On buildings and in streets proud flags were hung,
 Half like the flags of brain-silk wrought with gold,
 That hang on Shakespeare's pages, fold on fold.

But while the marshal up the street made way,
 There came a little girl clothed all in white,
 Bringing in happy hands a large bouquet,
 Her flower-sweet face seemed fragrant with delight.
 Well pleased, the soldier, dark and fierce at need,
 Raised up the child before him on his steed.

The pearly necklace of her loving arms
 She bound on him, and laid her Spring-like head
 Against the Autumn of his cheek, with charms
 Of smile and mien ; while to his shoulder fled

Her gold loose hair with flowers like jewels set,
 And made thereon a wondrous epaulet.

He seemed more like an angel than a man,
 As, father-like, he paid back each caress ;
 Better than all his deeds in war's red van,
 Appeared this simple act of tenderness.
 The people cried "Huzza !" and did not pause
 Until the town seemed shaken with applause.

So from this hour the general became
 The boast of the enthusiastic crowd ;
 Each gave some flower of praise to deck his fame,
 They knew him brave—though often cold and proud ;
 But looked not for the kindness undefiled
 That he had shown toward the loving child.

O cynic, deem no more the world all base,
 And scoff no more with either tongue or pen ;
 You do not see the face behind the face.
 If God exists, there must be noble men ;
 And many, who to us seem hard and cold,
 Have sunshine in their hearts as pure as gold.

HENRY ABBEY.

SOMETHING FOR WOMEN BETTER THAN THE BALLOT.

BY CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

NOW that negro suffrage is accomplished, the next political struggle that will agitate this country, as well as Europe, will be that of *labor and capital*, and, connected with it, the question of *woman suffrage*.

That there is something essentially wrong in the present condition of women, is every year growing more and more apparent, while the public mind is more and more perplexed with diverse methods proposed for the remedy. In one of our leading secular papers we read this statement of the case from the pen of a working-woman:

"There are so few departments of labor open to women, that, in those departments, the supply of female labor is frightfully in advance of the demand. The business world offers the lowest wages to eager applicants, certain that they will be ravenously clutched. And, indeed, to see the mob of women that block and choke these few and narrow gates open to them—the struggle—the press—the agony—the trembling eagerness—you might suppose they were entering the temple of fame or wealth, or, at least, had some cosy little cottage ahead, in which competence awaited the winner. Nothing of the sort. These are blind alleys, one and all. The mere getting in, and keeping in, are the meagre objects of this terrible struggle. A woman who has not *genius*, or is not a *rare exception*, has no opening—no promotion—no career. She turns hopelessly on a pivot; at every turn the sand gives way, and she sinks lower. At every turn light and air are more difficult, and she turns and digs her own grave. Do you say these are figures of speech? Here, then, are figures of *fact*. There are *now thirty thousand* women in New York, whose labor averages from *twelve to fifteen hours a day*, and yet whose income seldom exceeds *thirty-three cents a day*. Operators on sewing-machines, and a few others, enjoy comparative opulence, gaining five to eight dollars a week, though from this are to be paid three or four dollars for a bed in a wretched room with several other occupants, often without a window or any provision for pure air, and with only the poor food found where such rooms abound. Thousands of ladies, of good family and education, as teachers receive from two to six hundred dollars a year. Few women get beyond that, and a large proportion of them are mothers with children. Over these poorly-paid laborers broods the sense of hopeless toil. There is no bright future. The woman who is fevered, hurried, and aching, who works from daylight to midnight, loathing her mean room, her meaner dress, her joyless life, will, in ten years, neither better herself nor her children. The American working-woman has no share in the American privilege given to the poorest male laborer—a growing income, a bank account, and every office of the Republic, if he have brain and courage to win them."

This describes the condition and feelings of not all, but of a large class of women in our larger cities, who must earn their own livelihood. But, in the medium classes, as it respects wealth, the unmarried or widowed women feel that they are an incumbrance to fathers and brothers, who often unwillingly support them from pride or duty. For such, also, there is "no opening—no promotion—no career;" and they must remain dependent chiefly on the labor of others till marriage is offered, which to vast numbers is a positive impossibility.

This has lately been proved, from the census, by a leading New-York paper. In that it is shown that, in all our large cities, the male inhabitants, under fifteen and over the usual marriageable age, are greatly in excess of the females, and, consequently, the women at the marriageable age are greatly in excess of the marriageable men. Thus, in New-York City, according to the statements of the *New-York Times*, there are eleven thousand more females than males, of all ages, while there are one hundred and thirty-two thousand more women of marriageable age than men of that age. This is probably a large estimate, but the disproportion is at all events enormous.

And, in the rural districts of New-York State, we find a similar state of things; for the excess of females, of all ages, is twenty-one thousand, while the excess of marriageable women,

if at the same ratio as in New-York City, is two hundred and sixty-three thousand. Thus, it appears that, in the single State of New York, there are over three hundred thousand women, to whom marriage is impossible. The same state of things will be seen in all our older States.

The most mournful feature in this case is the fact that most of these women have never been trained for any kind of business by which they can earn an independent livelihood. The Working-woman's Protective Union, of New-York City, reports that, of thirteen thousand applicants, not one-half were qualified to do any kind of useful work in a proper manner. The societies that are formed to furnish work for poor women report that their greatest impediment is that so few can sew decently, or do any other work properly.

The heads of dress-making establishments report that very few women can be found who can be trusted to complete a dress, and that those who are competent find abundant work and good wages. The demand for really superior mantua-makers is almost universal in country places, and even in many of our cities.

In former days sewing was taught in all schools for girls, but now it is banished from our common schools, and the mothers at home are too neglectful, or too ignorant, or too pressed with labor, to supply the deficiency.

It was reported in the *New-York Tribune*, not long since, that there are at least twenty thousand professed prostitutes in New-York City alone, while Boston, in proportion to its number of inhabitants, shows a larger number, and all our cities give similar reports. This, also, is an estimate probably much in excess of the reality; but the truth is bad enough and mournful enough. Multitudes of these unfortunates have only two alternatives—on the one hand, poor lodgings, shabby dress, poor food, and ceaseless daily toil from ten to fifteen hours; on the other hand, the tempter offers a pleasant home, a servant to do the work, fine dress, the theatre and ball, and kind attentions, with no labor or care. Where is the strength of virtue in those who despise and avoid these outcasts, that might not fall in such perilous assaults?

It is this dreadful state of temptation which accounts for the fact that crime increases faster among women than among men. Thus, in Massachusetts, during the last ten years, among the men of that State, crime *decreased* at the rate of eight thousand five hundred and seven less than during the ten preceding years, while, among women, crime *increased* at the rate of three hundred and sixty-eight during the same period; that is, over eight thousand *less* men, and over three hundred *more* women, were guilty of crime than in the previous ten years.

But, turning from these to the daughters of the most wealthy class, those who have generous and elevated aspirations also feel that for them, too, there is "no opening—no promotion—no career," except that of marriage, and for this they are trained to feel that it is disgraceful to seek. They have nothing to do but wait to be sought. Trained to believe marriage their highest boon, they are disgraced for seeking it, and must affect indifference. Meantime, to do any thing to earn their own independence is what father and brothers would deem a disgrace to themselves and their family. For women of high position to work for their livelihood, in most cases custom decrees as disgraceful. And then, if cast down by poverty, they have been trained to nothing that would earn a support, or, if by chance they have some resource, all avenues for their employment are thronged with needy applicants. Ordinarily, and with few exceptions, there are only two employments for such women that do not involve loss of social position, viz., school-teaching and boarding. But every opening for a school-teacher has scores, and sometimes hundreds, of applicants, while often the protracted toils in unventilated and crowded school-rooms destroy health. To keep boarders demands capital to start, and an experience and training in household management and economy rarely taught to the daughters of wealth. In this

country housework is dishonorable, and rich men make no attempts to train their daughters to any other business that would be a resort in poverty.

Few can realize the perils which threaten our country from the present condition of women. The grand instrumentality, not only for perpetuating our race, but for its training to eternal blessedness, is the family state, and in this woman is the chief minister. As the general rule, man is the laborer out of the home, to provide for its support, while woman is the daily minister to train its inmates. But there are now many fatal influences that combine to unfit her for these sacred duties. Not the least of these is the decay of female health, engendering irritable nerves in both mother and offspring, and thus greatly increasing the difficulties of physical and still more of moral training.

The factory girls, and many also in shops and stores, must stand eight and ten hours a day, often in a poisonous atmosphere, causing decay of constitution, and forbidding healthful offspring. The sewing-machine lessens the wages of needlewomen, while employers testify that those who use it for steady work become hopelessly diseased, and cannot rear healthy children. In the more wealthy circles, the murderous fashions of dress make terrible havoc with the health of young girls, while impure air, unhealthful food and condiments, lack of exercise, and over-stimulation of brain and nerves, are completing the ruin of health and family hopes.

The state of domestic service is another element that is undermining the family state. Disgraced by the stigma of our late slavery, and by the influx into our kitchens of ignorant and uncleanly foreigners, American women forsake home circles for the unhealthful shops and mills.

Then the thriftless young housekeepers from boarding-school life have no ability either to teach or to control their incompetent assistants, while ceaseless "worries" multiply in parlor, nursery, and kitchen. The husband is discouraged by the waste and extravagance, and wearied with endless complaints, and home becomes any thing but the harbor of comfort and peace.

Add to all this, the now common practice which destroys maternal health and unborn offspring—the loose teachings of free love—the baleful influence of spiritualism, so called—the fascinations of the *demi-monde* for the rich, and of lower haunts for the rest, with the poverty of thousands of women who but for desperate temptations would be pure, and the extent of the malign influences undermining the family state—that chief hope of our race—is appalling.

Woman, in the Protestant world, is educated only for marriage, hoping to have some one to work for her support, and, when this is not gained, little else is provided.

The Roman Catholic Church, while it honored the institution of marriage as a sacrament, and upheld its sanctity, yet taught that woman had a still higher ministry; and for this large endowments, comfortable positions, and honorable distinction, were provided. The women who devoted their time and wealth and labors to orphans, to the sick, and to the poor, were honored above married women as *saints*, who not only laid up treasures in heaven for themselves, but also a stock of *merits* to supply the deficiencies of others. The idea of self-sacrifice and self-denial in that church was so honored as to run into mischievous extremes, so that rich establishments of celibates of both sexes multiplied all over Christendom till they became burdens and pests.

This drove the Protestant world to the other extreme, so that no provision at all has been made for the single woman. She must marry, or have no profession that leads to independence, honor, and wealth. To fit young men for their professions, thousands and millions are every year provided, securing by endowments the highest class of teachers, in addition to every advantage of libraries, apparatus, and buildings. But woman's profession has no such provisions made for its elevated duties.

How much there is included in woman's distinctive and appropriate duties, and how much science and practical training are demanded properly to prepare for them, few realize. The selection, preparation, and care of food and drinks for a family are, in Europe, made an art and science, to which the most literary and cultivated devote attention. The selection, fitting, and making of clothing are other branches for which science and training are demanded. The care of young infants and the nursing of the mothers demand science and practical training as much as any profession of the other sex. The management and governing of young children require as much training and skill as the duties of the statesman or warrior. The nursing and care of the sick, if performed by conscientious, scientific, and well-trained nurses, would save thousands of the victims of ignorance and neglect.

And then there are out-door professions connected with a home which are as suitable for women as for men. The business of raising fruits and flowers is especially suited to woman, as also the management of the dairy; and for these the other sex are regularly instructed in endowed agricultural schools, while women cannot share these advantages. The arts that ornament a home, such as drawing, painting, sculpture, and landscape gardening, are peculiarly appropriate for women as professions by which to secure an independence. Yet but a few have the opportunities which are abundantly given to the other sex.

These are all employments suited to woman, and such as would not take her from the peaceful retreat of a home of her own, which by these professions she might earn. Were there employments for women honored as matters of science, as are the professions of men; were institutions provided to train women in both the science and practice of domestic economy, domestic chemistry, and domestic hygiene, as men are trained in agricultural chemistry, political economy, and the healing art; were there endowments providing a home and salary for women to train their own sex in its distinctive duties, such as the professors of colleges gain—immediately a liberal profession would be created for women, far more suitable and attractive than the professions of men. Let this be done, and every young girl would pursue her education with an inspiring practical end, would gain a profession suited to her tastes, and an establishment for herself equal to her brother's, while she would learn to love and honor woman's profession.

It would soon become the custom, as it now is in some European countries, for every woman to be trained to some business that would secure to her honorable independence.

The grand difficulty, which those who are seeking the ballot would remedy, is, the want of honorable and remunerative employment for unmarried or widowed women. It is not clear how the ballot would secure this; while a long time must elapse before public opinion would arrive at this result.

But the attempt to establish institutions, well endowed to support women instructors, and carrying out as liberal a course as men have provided for themselves, would have an immediate influence, while it would escape the prejudice and the difficulties incident to giving woman the ballot.

Few will deny that the various departments of domestic economy demand science, training, and skill, as much as any of men's professions. But the world has yet to see the first endowed endowment to secure to woman's profession what has been so bountifully given to men. Never yet has a case been known of a highly-educated woman supported by an endowment to train her sex for any one department of woman's profession. Such favors being withheld, the distinctive profession of woman is undervalued and despised. To be a teacher of young children would be shunned by the daughter of wealth as lowering her social position. To become a nurse of the sick for a livelihood, or a nurse of young children, would be regarded as a degradation; while to become a domestic assistant in the

family state would be regarded as the depth of humiliation to any in a high social position.

In the Roman Catholic Church the woman of high position, culture, and benevolence, is honored above all others if she remains single and devotes her time and wealth to orphans, to nurse the sick, to reclaim the vicious, and to provide for the destitute. She becomes a lady abbess, or the head of some sisterhood, where high position, influence, and honor, are her reward.

And the priesthood of that Church employ all their personal and official influence to lead women of benevolence and piety to devote time, property, and prayers, to the salvation of their fellow-creatures from diseases of body, ignorance, and sin.

But Protestant women, as yet, have been influenced to endow institutions for men, rather than for their own sex. The writer obtained from the treasurers of only six institutions for men the following statement of benefactions from women:

Miss Plummer, to Cambridge University, to endow one professorship, gave \$25,000; Mary Townsend, for the same, \$25,000; Sarah Jackson, for the same, \$10,000; other ladies, in sums over \$1,000, to the same, over \$30,000. To Andover Professional School of Theology ladies have given over \$65,000, and, of this, \$30,000 by one lady. In Illinois, Mrs. Garretson has given to one professional school \$300,000. In Albany, Mrs. Dudley has given, for a scientific institution for men, \$105,000. To Beloit College, Wisconsin, property has been given, by one lady, valued at \$30,000.

Thus half a million has been given by women to these six colleges and professional schools, and all in the present century. The reports of similar institutions for men all over the nation would show similar liberal benefactions of women to endow institutions for the other sex, while for their own no such records appear. Where is there a single endowment from a woman to secure a salary to a woman teaching her own proper profession?

But a time is coming when women will honorably perpetuate their name and memory by bestowing endowments for their own sex, as they have so often done for men.

The first indication of this advance is the organization of an association of prominent ladies and gentlemen, of the city of New York, for the purpose of establishing institutions in which highly-educated women shall be supported by endowments to train their own sex for the practical duties of the family state, and also to some business that will secure to them an independent home and income.

The plan aimed at is large and comprehensive, but will commence on a small scale, and be enlarged as means and experience shall warrant. When completed, it will include these departments:

1. *The Literary Department*, which will embrace a course of study and training for the main purpose of developing the mental faculties. Much that goes under the head of acquiring knowledge will be omitted until it is decided what profession the character and tastes of a young girl indicate as most suitable. When this is decided, the studies and practical training will be regulated with reference to it, and the pupil will select that department of general knowledge most connected with her special profession.

The public mind is fast approaching this method in the education of young men who do not aim at what have heretofore been called the liberal professions, and who enter institutions where the course of study is adapted to the profession to be pursued. At the same time, our colleges are gradually modifying mediæval methods to those which bear more directly on practical life.

2. *The Domestic Department*, in which the pupils of the literary department will be received, and examined as to their practical acquaintance with the varied duties of the family state, aiming to supply every deficiency in past training, so as to fit them to be economical, industrious, and expert housekeepers.

The principal of this department will have a family of about twelve, consisting of her assistant principal and ten pupils, who will be carried through a regular course of domestic labor and instruction, and then vacate their place to another class of pupils. In another family, consisting of stationary residents, another assistant principal will superintend the training of servants to be conscientious and faithful cooks, chamber-maids, and table-waiters, and, when trained, will provide suitable places for them.

3. *The Health Department*, in which the pupils of the literary department will be trained to preserve their own health, and also to superintend the health of a family. In this department the attempt will be made to train scientific nurses of the sick, monthly nurses of mothers and infants, and nurses for young children. With the scientific training will be combined moral instruction and influences to induce the sympathetic, conscientious, and benevolent traits, so important in these offices.

4. *The Normal Department*, in which women will be trained to the distinctive duties of a school-teacher.

5. *The Department of the Fine Arts*, in which all those branches employed in the adornment of a home will receive attention; drawing, painting, sculpture, and landscape gardening, which are peculiarly fitted to be professions for women, will be included in this department.

6. *The Industrial Department*, the chief aim being to train women to out-door avocations suited to their sex, by which they can earn an honorable independence. The raising of fruits and flowers, the cultivation of silk and cotton, the raising and manufacture of straw, the superintendence of dairies and dairy farms, are all suitable modes of earning an independence, and can all be carried on by women without any personal toils unsuited to their sex. And agricultural schools to train women to the science and practice of these professions are the just due to women as much as to men. And here it is well to notice that our national Government has given to every State in the Union a portion of the national lands to endow agricultural colleges, and they have been taken, and in most cases have been wasted by speculators, and in no instance have American women received any share. But the States in the late rebellion have not taken their portion, and, when they receive it, the Southern women, it is hoped, will claim their proportion, and thus establish institutions to train women to earn their own independence. If only a majority of women, in such a case as this, and also in the case of detrimental and unjust laws, would unite and petition for redress, they would gain all they ask, and by a more direct and suitable method than by obtaining the law-making power, and then enforcing such acts of justice.

The wisdom of the former course is indicated by the results of a recent meeting of New York ladies. Among the resolutions adopted at this meeting was one claiming that women should be trained for their appropriate professions as men are, and that institutions for this purpose should be as liberally endowed as are the colleges and professional schools for men. This resolution was adopted unanimously, and was as unanimously approved by the leading papers of the city, both secular and religious.

It is an unfortunate feature of some who, with the best of motives, are laboring to relieve the burdens of their sex, that they assume that the fault rests with men, as if they were in antagonism with woman's interests and rights. But in all Christian countries men are trained to a tender care of wives, mothers, and sisters, and a chivalrous impulse to protect and provide for helpless womanhood is often stronger in men than in most women who have had no such training.

The grand difficulty is that the teachings of our Heavenly Father, as to the care of the feeble members of His great family, have been imperfectly realized by women as much as by men, and therefore they have never understood their rights, nor claimed the advantages which are now seen to be their just due.

It is certain that all just and benevolent men feel the wrongs and disabilities of womanhood as much as most women do, and have been as much perplexed in seeking the most effective remedy.

The ladies' meeting in New York, and the universal approval by the public prints of the resolutions adopted, prove that the most benevolent and intelligent minds of both sexes deem it only an act of justice to establish institutions for training women to their appropriate professions, which shall be as liberally endowed as those for the other sex; and that these endowments shall support well-educated women as liberally as the professors of our colleges.

In pursuance of this indication, the American Woman's Educational Association propose to commence seeking endowments to establish such an institution in close vicinity to New York. Each of the various religious denominations is represented in their board of managers, and the constitution forbids a majority of any one denomination as managers. It is hoped that the ladies of New York (of all parties and sects) will set an example of harmonious action in establishing one model institution, which, no doubt, would be reproduced all over our land. Should this be done, it is believed that all the wrongs of woman would be redressed, and that the ballot for woman, and its risks and responsibilities, would be no longer sought. The family state would thus rise to its high and honored position, and woman, as its chief minister, would feel that no earthly honors or offices could compare in value with her own.

Then every woman would look forward to a cheerful home of her own, where she could train the children of her Heavenly Father for their eternal home. If not married, or if not blessed with children, she could gather the lost lambs of her Lord and Saviour, and lead them to the green pastures and still waters of eternal life.

FALLIBILITY OF INSTINCT.

IT has been a favorite notion, not yet entirely obsolete, that instinct in animals is an independent faculty, a direct gift of the Creative Mind. The wonderful art displayed in insect architecture, and the uninstructed skill with which it accomplishes its tasks, may have suggested this belief; or it may have arisen from the general disposition to attribute phenomena, not otherwise explained, to special acts of Providence.

One writer says: "Animal instinct, from its unfeeling certainty, must be an expression of the Creative Mind. The plan of the work, and the object to be gained, are in the mind of the Creator."

Our readers will recall the couplet of Pope:

"And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man."

Mr. Wallace, in his excellent work on the Malayan Archipelago, notices a fact which seems to show that instinct is not always infallible; for he found immense numbers of a species of boring-beetle buried in holes of their own making. They had, in their usual manner, perforated the bark of a tree which had been felled by the natives, the sap of which hardened like gutta-percha on exposure to air, thus gluing up securely the unfortunate insects. Their instinct directed them to perforate the bark, probably to deposit their eggs, but it did not detect the hidden danger.

The author remarks: "If these trees have an odor attractive to this species of insects, as is probable, it might lead to their extinction; whereas other species, to which the odor is disagreeable, would avoid the trees, and be credited with an instinct which was, after all, but a simple sensation." He thinks it is doubtful whether what we call instinct is any thing more than hereditary habit, dependent on delicate modifications of sensation.

This view is sustained by some of our most eminent physi-

ologists. It seems to be demonstrated that instinctive impulse is preceded by conscious sensation. By various experiments on vertebrate animals, it is shown that the large ganglion of gray matter—the tuber-annulare—is the seat of this peculiar consciousness, and of the reflex action which we term instinct or instinctive impulse. Its operation is independent of the brain. It is most complete in those animals in which no brain exists. In the higher animals, its functions continue after the hemispheres are frozen or destroyed.

Instinct is, perhaps, unfailing within certain limits. It builds a six-sided cell, and makes in the back a hole which is perfectly circular. In this there may be neither failure nor improvement; but, in choice of material for food, of habitation, or conditions for developing their young, they may or may not select well. It is quite possible that species of animals die out, as suggested by our author. Not, indeed, because they have in them an unfailing guide, but because they have it not, but are guided by sensations which, however delicate, sometimes fail them when brought into new and untried conditions.

EDWARD LABOULAYE.

UNTOWARD circumstances have compelled Edward Laboulaye to abandon the hope, once entertained, of appearing as a lecturer in his mother tongue before American audiences; but this circumstance will not abate the interest our readers will feel in this extraordinary man.

It may not be speaking extravagantly to say that no living Frenchman, except the few great novelists, like Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, or George Sand, is so extensively known here as Laboulaye, and certainly none of these illustrious names is held more dear. His letters to us during the war went the rounds of the newspapers, the translation of "Paris in America" was in every circulating library, and many American children have lost themselves over the ingenious and charming "Contes Bleus," which he wrote for his own little granddaughter. These fairy tales were a fair sample of all his work. Sweet to the little ones to read, with a mouthful of underlying, sagacious moral for the older children to ponder over.

We venture to say that no foreigner has more thoroughly, or with more appreciative sympathy, taken us to his heart and his unfaltering friendship. He seems to have only praise for us. Even his satire does not inveigh against our sometimes too palpable weaknesses.

Besides holding several other positions of influence and trust, M. Laboulaye is one of the Professors of the *Collège de France*, an institution whose thorough democracy takes republicans by surprise, and makes Americans question, perhaps, why institutions in democracies cannot be as democratic as imperial ones. The most distinguished literary and scientific men of France lecture there upon all subjects of science, art, and letters, to whoever chooses and whenever he chooses to hear, without any charge, any signing of constitution or by-laws, and without any note of absence or presence. Nor are women thence excluded, for a few rows of seats, directly in front of the professor's desk, are reserved for them. There are several lecture-rooms in the building, and lectures, or "*leçons*," are held in them from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon on every day of the week, each lecturer occupying but one hour.

Last winter M. Laboulaye lectured on Mondays and Thursdays, at one of these rooms, and it was easy to see that he was the professor "*de prédilection*" with young France. So great was the demand for seats that many would wait through the hour of the lecturer before him, that they might thus make sure of a place for Laboulaye. When his hour came, there was no spare room, for those who sat or stood, among men or women. A queer mixture assembled there. Young and eager faces were seen beside those who wore the shrewder expression of years. Rough, uncultured men mingled their hearty

applause with the more cultivated and high-bred. Men and women of all civilized nations gathered there. French, American, English, and Germans; and among the women a few Russians, in grand toilettes, stood out in contrast to the sedate French blue-stockings, who came to hear and take notes; and so devoted frequently were these latter in their listening, that the slightest cough or sigh of some unfortunate neighbor would make them scowl and shrug their shoulders in such a way as to make French politeness seem mythical.

The subject of the Friday lectures was French History. On Monday it was Montesquieu's Writings. At the latter, M. Laboulaye held in his hand a volume of the "*Esprit des Lois*," and read from it, stopping continually to elucidate, contradict, or defend, sentiments or opinions therein contained. Indeed, Montesquieu was only a text from which to preach upon every known subject: religion, politics, manners literature, and art. Now and then the lecturer would condescend to launch a satire against the airy nothingness of a lady's bonnet, the glazed hat of the Paris coachman, the demolitions of Haussmann, —in short, he touched upon many a subject never dreamed of in Montesquieu's philosophy.

No lecture ever passed without some allusion to our country, in glaring and flattering contrast to every other. He gives, perhaps, the best example of the sympathy of French liberals with us, and their continual desire of impressing our ideas upon the mind of the French student. It did not surprise us to hear that the Emperor had forbidden M. Laboulaye to lecture any more upon American politics at the *Collège de France*. The conclusions of the audience were too quickly drawn, and the applause too undisguised, but it will make no difference to Laboulaye, for he can teach what lessons he chooses from the politics of Otaheite.

He will often give an exact representation of French affairs, and comment upon them, as if they were taking place in another country. For instance, in one of his frequent contrasts between ourselves and Europeans, he went on to say that the Americans can never believe in repose; that the rich man here does not stop at a fortune, but goes on working till he dies, unable to resist the excitement of business, while the European retires content with a modest sum, and grows stupid, sleeps, eats, and has a chat, for variety, with his newspaper every morning, — "that is," added he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "when his newspaper can talk to him, as it is not allowed to do in some countries—Spain, for instance." Such cheers as made that little hall shake showed that it needed no bitter denunciation of the recent laws concerning the press to show where Edward Laboulaye stood. The audience was so completely "*en rapport*" with the lecturer that he had but to touch the chord and the chorus broke forth.

Laboulaye is a man of medium height, rather stout, and with

a shrewd face, high forehead, large, full lips and chin, small, bright eyes, full of the verriest fun, behind which lie sure penetration and insight into the causes of things.

He is evidently no sad presager, no lamenting prophet, no severe judge of other men's misdoings. Perhaps his own words best explain himself: "If I have not all the gravity of a goose or an ox—forgive me. The first experiences of life make us weep enough to justify our laughing before the curtain falls. When we have lost the illusions of twenty, we take neither the play nor the actors in earnest." At any rate, the sights his open eyes see make him no bitter railer upon the affairs of to-day, but, with an ever-increasing love of true liberty, he spares his government the withering personalities of Henri Rochefort or Victor Hugo. Neither are the oppressions and mistakes unseen, while he wreathes his sarcasms with such sallies of wit that even the Emperor must smile. But the sword thrusts, however exquisite the chasing on that Damascus blade, cannot fail to hurt.

It is almost impossible to imagine so smiling a reformer, so merry a liberal. He is no stern avenger of exaggerated wrongs, his blood does not boil with senseless rage. No stiletto passion is his. He works by daylight and in public. He cringes at no throne, nor does he assault any. He does not beat against the blast, nor does he think things better than they are. He walks those thronging Boulevards with watchful and observant eyes. His wonderful impartiality, his calm reflection, must convince where shrieking effects nothing. He pursues his steady course with that justice which is far removed from partisanship or clique. That is not always right to him which is of his side, nor is wrong always on the other. Calling names makes no enemy wrong to him, neither does praise make any friend perfect. His position is taken, his bearing confident. He believes in the sure argu-

ment of justice. He is one of the greatest thinkers and seers of our time, and none deserves more grateful recognition from Americans. Whenever the time comes, in this year or in the next, a warm and sincere greeting of welcome is ready for Edward Laboulaye.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

II.

LEAVING grammar, strictly so called, we have next to consider the higher COMPOSITION, RHETORIC, or STYLE, comprehending all the rules, maxims, and suggestions, for rendering language more effective. To be grammatical is one thing; to be perspicuous, terse, or unctuous, is another thing. Not that there is any hard line between the two departments; references to perspicuity occur under the grammar rules, as in the Order of Words under Syntax, while grammarians often in-



Edward Laboulaye.

roduce ultra-grammatical precepts concerning style. Nevertheless the subject is so large, and so ramified, that, under whatever name, it should take an independent start, leaving grammar decisively behind it.

Now, of all the subjects proposed to the attention of the English master or professor, this is, to my mind, the chief. At the stage we are supposing, the pupil should be done with grammar; and there remains, therefore, only the two departments—Composition and Literature. Of these, Composition is out of sight the superior. It expresses emphatically the very thing that we all want to do—to compose well, whatever may be our end in composing. Few persons tolerably educated commit errors in grammar; every one is open to be indefinitely improved in style.

This is the subject of the science named RHETORIC, of which Aristotle presented the first methodical handling. Not much was added to what he laid down till the treatises of Campbell and Blair in the last century; from whom, together with Aristotle, Whately derived the chief part of his Rhetoric. Under the less sounding title, "English Composition," we have had a great many manuals of the same tenor, professing to lay down rules, over and above those of grammar, for effective composition in the different departments of style.

Now, I hold that the foremost task of the English teacher is to apply, and to extend, the code of instructions in this very wide region. Should he find that there is nothing of any great consequence to be said on it, he has, as I conceive, no vocation at all. In proportion as he is equipped here, he is an English teacher.

The work of discriminating excellence from defect in all kinds of composition is a great professional accomplishment, just like the law; the reducing of the modes of excellence, and the corresponding defects, to general heads, with appropriate examples, is the English master's outfit in his art. He must know the whole compass of assignable rules, and the limits where each rule ceases to operate. He must have a mind practised, up to the rapidity of an instinct, in discriminating good and evil in composition, in showing how the good may become better, and the better, best. As teachers we are nothing, if not critical. It passes our means to impart to our pupils the affluence of the language; but we can, even within our brief curriculum, do much to exercise them in the sense of good and evil; we can leave an abiding impression of what to avoid, such as will be afterward present in their own attempts at composition, and the observance of which will finally engender a habit of excellence in style.

The teaching of the classics is illustrative here. The reading of the Latin authors at school is accompanied with a series of instructions as to the minute structure of the language, which have been gathered up and recorded by grammarians, critics, and teachers, since the revival of letters. We have a great many manuals of Latin prose, containing these critical minutiae, intended to indoctrinate the pupil into the force and the elegance of Latin expression. I doubt whether there has yet been produced with reference to our own tongue so extensive a series of observations for guiding a pupil to a high order of English composition as those existing for Latin composition. What is more curious still, there are certain points attended to in a marked manner in Latin and Greek, having a counterpart in English, and not at all attended to there. The best example of this is the participial construction. In Latin, and still more in Greek, the pupil is carefully taught the conversion of clauses with a finite verb, into participial phrases, either in the absolute case, or, as is so easy in Greek, in apposition with the main clause. Now, if there be one thing more than another where our composition is universally defective, it is in the excessive use of relatives, and in the neglect to get rid of them by a participial construction. I speak from deliberate and long-continued observation when I say that probably every writer uses more relatives than is necessary, and under circumstances where their accumulation must be a felt incumbrance. The heavy relatives "who" and "which" are the incubus of English composition. They give an Act-of-Parliament heaviness to what the writer earnestly desires to be light and easy. Yet how seldom does it occur to anybody to imitate the classical modes of reducing their number! Instead of "the man *who* wants to buy salt," how many unemployed substitutes are there? "the man wanting to buy salt," "the man in want of salt," "the purchaser of salt," and so on. When "that" can be employed, the effect is not so heavy; yet even then, we can often do better. Says Addison, "A man of polite imagination is let into a great many pleasures *that* the vulgar are not capable of receiving." Express it thus, "a great many

pleasures not open to the vulgar," and you substitute terseness for a drawl.

I have chosen one illustration out of scores to show that we are not as yet half alive to the minutiae of English construction. I might advert in much greater detail to points connected with the sentence, capable of being ascertained and formulated with great precision, but hitherto almost wholly neglected. The unavoidable looseness of our sentences, as compared with Latin and Greek, is habitually allowed to be worse than it need be. Qualifying clauses, which should come first, are left to dangle at the end. The fatal word "which" is a lure to add on to a sentence what does not belong to it, violating unity as well as the periodic structure. Scarcely any attention is paid to the effective disposition of the essential and emphatic clauses of a period. The formulae for analyzing sentences, I repeat, have never been used to teach how to make a good sentence.

It is not to be expected that, with so many omissions in regard to the sentence, we should be in a high state of advancement in the rhetoric of the paragraph. Many good paragraphs have been written, especially in recent times; but the bad far outnumber the good. Yet there are obvious laws that, if attended to, would diminish the number of defective paragraphs. These laws should be sought out, exemplified, and enforced by the English teacher.

There is also much to be done in pointing out the special merits and defects of the different kinds of composition, as description, narration, exposition, persuasion. Every one of these branches has laws of its own, which do not come by instinct; they have never yet been fully complied with by any one. Exposition, for example, has made great advances since the Elizabethan times; many works have been produced realizing a high pitch of excellence in this line. Yet the general standard is very low, and one consequence is to retard the dissemination of knowledge and science in the community. The very best exponents will be found stumbling the moment they are scrutinized by the light of principles that, when stated, are almost self-evident.

Such are a few indications of the subject-matter of English teaching in its highest aim of making people better composers by pen, or by mouth. Some remarks may next be offered on the best kind of exercises in composition. There is much to be said on this point, and nobody should insist upon a very narrow method, because different teachers may bring about the end in different ways. The one principle that I would chiefly urge, is to make exercises, as far as possible, exercises of language, and not exercises either of information or of invention. In short, the pupil should not have to go far in search of his matter. Indeed, I am convinced that, as a rule, the matter should be supplied in some one shape, and the requirement should be to transform it into some other shape. The English master, as such, has to do with the thought to be expressed, only as affording opportunities for expression. Given a certain meaning, it is his business to compare the different ways of rendering that meaning, and to point out the merits and demerits of each. He should not confine himself to feeble, inaccurate, or obsolete matter, because such matter would not serve his main purpose of aiding in the worthy expression of important meanings.

Holding these views, then, I cannot but entertain great doubts as to the value of essay-writing or theme-writing, considered as a discipline in style. The finding of the material absorbs half or more than half of the pupil's attention, so that the consideration of the style is quite secondary and subsidiary: in fact, such essays belong to scientific rather than to literary classes. Besides, the writer necessarily travels over a wide compass of expression, and commits more faults and inadvertences than it is possible for the teacher to take notice of; so that the great mass must go uncorrected. Of course, this evil is at its maximum with the junior pupil, and might be very much reduced at the end of a long training: at which point the essay-system might cease to be objectionable.

Assuming, then, that, except for the higher pupils, the matter should be as far as possible provided and the task consist in expressing it, we have still a choice of various kinds of exercises. We may give a poetical passage to be rendered into prose. We may give a condensed statement to be expanded, or a diffuse statement to be condensed. We may prescribe a subject, and give the heads and illustrations; this is a good form of exercise for public examinations in English. We may choose a theme familiar to the pupils, asking them to give an account of something that they know, some book

they have read, some incidents of their own, or to describe a place that they are acquainted with. These modes are free from some of the objections of essay-writing; but, as regards the junior pupils, they all labor more or less under the difficulty of being adequately criticised or corrected; they are sure to manifest a number of faults that cannot be fully taken notice of. I greatly prefer, for the earlier stages, some form of exercise containing but few requirements, or aiming at some definite merit of composition; in which case a thorough corrective criticism is possible.

While wishing to leave great latitude to the teacher, subject to a few main considerations, I will point out the kind of exercise that seems to me to combine the greatest number of advantages to pupils generally. It is to give out passages of good authors for criticism and correction, each passage being chosen with a view to raising questions suitable to the progress of the pupils. A sentence or a paragraph is prescribed for examination and amendment; the pupil is required to show its merits and its defects, sentence by sentence, and to recast all the defective parts. The points involved are thus so far circumscribed that every one of them can be adverted to by the teacher; all the merits of the passage can be brought to light, and all the defects remedied. Not only is this a good testing exercise, but it is one of the very best means of imparting instruction in the first instance. An exegesis of a well-composed passage from a good modern author is as good an opportunity as can be afforded of awakening the pupils to the excellences and the deficiencies of style.

And here let me remark that I intend no disrespect to our most distinguished writers when I say that, in their very best passages, along with much to be stamped with approbation, the critical English teacher will discover something to be improved. In point of fact, no man is as yet possessed of all the laws of good writing; even if a man knew them all he could seldom find time to embody them in a work of any length; and, finally, most of our great writers have some peculiar bias or idiosyncrasy, which has to be pointed out in setting them up as models. Macaulay is too antithetical; De Quincey is excessive in the classical part of the vocabulary; Carlyle, while exhibiting the copiousness of the language in a marvellous degree, indulges in peculiarities that are not for others to imitate.

INFLUENCE OF CIVILIZATION ON HEALTH.

By DR. G. H. BRIDGES.

TOWARD the middle of the last century a strange question was raised by a strange man. It was a question so vast, so astounding, so chimerical, so destructive, that in any other time but ours and his, men would not have listened to it, would assuredly not have cared to answer it. For the question which Jean Jacques Rousseau put to civilized Europe was nothing less than this: Is not the whole fabric of human society, from beginning to end, a contumacious and systematic blunder? The manners and the modes of men, their decalogues, their worship, their laws, their pleasures, their sciences, their arts, —the rich, many-colored tissue of man's life woven in the loom of Time—seemed to the eloquent, self-tortured sophist, but as the rags of the charnel-house. Civilized man was a monstrous and abortive growth; a distortion of the healthy vital process. Yet the disease, though terrible, was not beyond the hope of cure. There was a road to recovery, though a difficult one. "Revert," said Rousseau, "to the state of nature. In the American forests, in the islands of the South Sea, you may still behold the true type of man. Undo the hateful work of time. Strip your civilization off. Erase the past. Begin history again."

There is no need for us seriously to examine the paradox of Rousseau. But the paradoxes of sophists and of charlatans, especially when the marsh-fires of false sentiment and vanity are annihilated now and then by the lightning of true genius and passion, have sometimes a prophetic force, and start problems which a later age shapes into definite form, and subjects to scientific method. Sociology, like chemistry, has its alchemistic period. And the abstract entity of "Nature" played the same part in the sociological speculations of Rousseau as the "vital spirits" in the biological speculations of Boerhaave, or as the "eternal fitness of things" in the moral speculations of Fielding's pedagogue. For it needs hardly to be stated that the philosophical savage of Rousseau, combining in

himself the qualities of a Greek sage, a Roman hero, and a Christian saint, bore as close a relation to the Choctaws and Iroquois whom he professed to admire, as the gods of Olympus to the bandits who may inhabit the neighborhood of that mountain in the present day.

The world is now beginning to see that we have no more reason to regard social phenomena than we have chemical phenomena as being under the dominion of arbitrary agencies, either without or within, either personified or abstract, either supernatural or metaphysical. Without either denying or affirming such agencies, we regard them as, in the strict sense of the word, transcendental, transcending the powers of man to investigate. We limit ourselves to the study of the laws, that is, of the constant relations which exist in social phenomena, as well as in electrical or chemical phenomena. And in this study we are guided, first, by the various methods, instruments, and results, of which students of mathematics, physics, and biology, respectively avail themselves; and, secondly, and more especially, by a method peculiar to the subject matter; a method which will, so far as we can see, remain forever as distinct from discussions on the Protoplasm, as it will from discussions on the binomial theorem; the method of Historical Filiation, or the study of the laws according to which the acts of each generation affect the acts of its successors.

To come at once to the point. In what way is the civilization of Western Europe affecting the health of European populations? that is the first question; and the second question is, having found the spontaneous law of the influence of civilization upon health, how far can the operation of that law be modified by artificial human action?

It is essential, first, to form some clear and comprehensive conception of what is meant by health. Many definitions have been suggested of it. I have elsewhere defined it as the *greatest energy of each part, compatible with the energy of the whole*. A simpler definition of it, given in a short sanitary catechism, intended for primary schools, is, *Being able to do a good day's work easily*. The simpler definition coincides in meaning with the more complex. Energy is measurable by the amount of work done. When there is perfect health, there will be the greatest economy of the vital energies; there will be the most complete synergy of all the functions; there will be the minimum of loss, resulting from antagonism of functions, and from degradation of the higher into the lower forms of force. Let me escape for a moment from the abstract into the concrete. The digestive process requires for its due performance a certain amount of nervous energy. In a healthy man, the function is perfectly performed, with a minimum of nervous force; as little as possible is subtracted from what is needed for the higher purposes of life. There is a certain lowering, even in this case, of the moral and intellectual functions: thought is less vigorous, emotion less delicate, sensitive, and aspiring; but the direct strain on the superior portions of the nervous system is slight, there is no pain, no consciousness. In the diseased condition of the organ the case is precisely opposite. Then, owing to whatever physical, chemical, or organic obstructions, the call made on the nervous energy is great—a long and complex series of extraneous, and for the end in view, useless, actions and reactions is started; the secreting tissue calls for more blood; the influx of blood in turn morbidly affects the secreting tissue; unwonted stimuli are sent through the terminal nerve-fibres to the spinal cord and brain; pain is felt; a disturbance more or less profound of the emotional nature arises; morbid reactions radiate in every direction to the part primarily affected, to the whole muscular system, to the organs of intellectual action, and to every other part of the fabric. The oscillation in time ceases; the function is at last performed; but energy has been wasted, has been degraded from the higher forms of thought, feeling, and action, to some lower and, for human purposes, useless phase of force.

Take another instance, illustrating healthy or morbid performance of muscular function. Two boys of equal muscular development, but of different skill, are throwing stones—the practised thrower with slight efforts, sends his stone eighty yards; the tyro exerts twice the amount of muscular force, and produces half the result. Muscular energy that should have been consumed in hurling the stone, reveals itself in the useless form of increased evolution of heat. For the purpose in view, it has been wholly lost. I might take as a third instance of a function healthily and unhealthily performed, the contrast between two fighting-men of equal courage, the one a drilled soldier, the other a wild savage. The same destructive passions are ablaze in

both; a tremendous force available for the end aimed at. But the savage expends a large portion of that force in aimless actions, in wild cries, and frantic gestures. The drilled, self-controlling soldier allows none of the explosive force to be wasted thus; he reserves and stores up his passion till it can be concentrated on the predetermined action:

"With noise and clamor, as a flight of birds,
The men of Troy advanced: as when the cranes,
Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high
Their dissonant clamors, while on the ocean-stream
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear
Battle and death to the Pygmean race.
On the other side the Greeks in silence moved,
Breathing firm courage, bent on mutual aid."

The greatest energy of each part compatible with the greatest energy of the whole—such is, then, our definition of health; implying, as we have seen, the harmonious action of each organ, the absence of antagonism, the combination of strong individuality with orderly coöperation. Health, in fact, in biological science, is analogous to the great conception which dominates the kindred science of sociology; the combination of order with progress.

The function called respiration is an interchange, or reciprocal action, carried on between the atmosphere and the liquefied substance of the organism, the surface at which these two agents come into contact being the respiratory mucous membrane. The right performance of this function depends, then, essentially upon two conditions: The air must be pure; the blood and the lung-tissue must be sound. The first condition is physical; the second may be called, at present, for want of a better name, vital. It depends upon the constitutional stamina—that is, upon the inherited vigor of the organism. It is a question of breed.

Turn now for a moment to the twofold tissues of animal life—the *nervo-muscular tissues*—which bring the organism into relation with other species, friendly or hostile, enabling it thus to select its rare and complex nutriment. There, too, the health, the work done by nerve or muscle, depends on proper adaptation of the environment and the organ; on the inherited vigor of the muscular substance and on the weight that it is called upon to lift; on the inherited delicacy of the ear, or eye, or touch, and on the quality of the luminous, auditory, or tactile phenomena presented to it. The ear of the Red Indian, the eye of the eagle, the touch of the Hindoo weaver, the muscle of the navy, possess inherited adaptation to photic, acoustic, cohesive, and gravitating phenomena, to which the eye, ear, touch, or muscles of an ordinary man would be as insensitive and dead as a stick or a stone.

Finally, consider the third mode of vitality, found to an appreciable degree in man alone—*social life*. For I assume it as an axiom for my present purpose, doubtful though the doctrine may be to many, that man is distinguished from the other animal races, not by the possession of any organs which they have not, but by his existence, for a period of time so vast that geologists alone can estimate it, in the social state. The brain of every infant born into the world is the receptacle of an enormous mass of inherited tendencies, traceable in great part to primeval ages, when it may have been doubtful which of the higher species of animals it should be that should gain the victory over the rest, and attain supremacy over the planet. These tendencies are, like the visual capacity, the auditory capacity, the tactile capacity, called into action by appropriate stimuli from the environment. And what, in this case, is the environment? The environment for this phase of vitality is humanity, by which I mean, not merely so many millions of individual men who may happen then to be living in the world, but the resultant sum of all human effort throughout the immeasurable past, embodied in that portion of the existing generation which has received and is fertilizing the inheritance of the past, and which has not become a diseased and abortive misgrowth. Humanity in this sense of the word is to the individual what the organism of the mother is to the organism of the child before birth; and the organ of intercommunication between these two finds its analogue (most profound is the analogy to those who search it) in the human brain. The environment, or stimulus to moral action, in the individual, consists in the passions of other men finding vent in their appropriate actions, the play of those passions being regulated by the past history, the institutions, the government, the religion, the art, the science, the traditional teaching, that may at that time prevail.

Let me take, as before, one illustration from a thousand that would serve my purpose. There is an instinct in man, whether located in this convolution of the brain or in that matters little, the instinct, whether simple or complex, exists, and is assuredly connected with some portion or portions of the cerebral substance—the instinct which prompts man to secure the approbation of his fellow-men. Every nurse-maid knows that some children are born with this instinct strong; others have it weak. Given this instinct of a certain strength, the mode in which it shall perform its function depends now upon the environment. Let us see to what differences variation in this respect may conduct us.

There have been societies where personal courage was the one thing valued above all others. And in such communities a man, in whom the instinct we are speaking of was predominant, would concentrate his energies, and sacrifice life itself, in the performance of deeds of valor. There have been other periods and places, as in the best times of the Roman Republic, and of the French, English, and Dutch Revolutions, in which the sense of civic duty was marvellously strong. There have been yet other times in which saintliness of life was the object of the strongest popular reverence. It is clear that the tendency to secure the praise of men, supposing it for a moment unresisted and unmodified by other instincts, would, so far as it went, stimulate a member of such communities to imitate, respectively the actions of the Homeric warrior, the Roman citizen, or of the mediæval saint.

Take yet another case. Suppose a community and an epoch, in which from various causes the military instinct was no longer called universally into play; suppose its population to have outgrown the limits within which the civic or patriotic spirit exercises an active controlling force, so that large masses may grow up, ignoring and ignored of one another; suppose, further, that, owing to a vast revolution in opinion, religion had almost ceased for a time to count as an influence in practical life; suppose, also, that, as a part of that same revolution in the intellectual world, man's power over natural forces had stupendously increased—what would be the reaction, upon the instinct that we are considering, of a social environment like this, in which the centripetal forces had been so suddenly diminished, the centrifugal as rapidly increased? What but this—that, in so shifting a social state, the ties that bind man to his fellow-citizens, those still more essential ties that bind him to the past or future, being weakened or shattered, the highest honors would be paid, not to the warrior, the patriotic citizen, or the saint, but to the man who had realized the means of power and of personal enjoyment; and that wealth, not military force, being the instrument of power, the acquisition of wealth would become the direct road to the satisfaction of the desire for praise?

I have been considering, you observe, in order to render my meaning more precise, one instinct alone. I have left untouched other equally strong or stronger instincts—the love of command, the animal instinct of hoarding, or the elementary cravings for physical pleasure. But the final result will, when the effect of these, under such conditions, has been analyzed, be still more obvious and certain—the pursuit of wealth for purely personal objects will concentrate every effort of that community, to the exclusion or postponement of every other object; so that at last it will become almost incredible to practical men, not looking very far behind them or before, that any other object should be even appreciable as a permanent stimulus to human action, and a system of doctrine will arise to which will be given the large name of Political Economy, etymologically meaning the mode of administering states, but in reality (I speak of the greater part of the writings that go by that name, not of the writing of such men as Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill) based on the implicit assumption that the acquisition of wealth is the sole source from which human societies have arisen, the sole bond that secures their cohesion, the sole motive for prolonged human effort. And wealth being the one object of desire, we may be sure that it will be created, accumulated, and destroyed, with a velocity unparalleled in other times; created, because I have supposed an enormous extension in man's grasp over the power of Nature; accumulated, because I have supposed the moral checks that have hitherto stood in the way of rapid accumulation to be weakened; and destroyed for the same reason—the man of wealth feeling himself at liberty to appropriate very large proportions of it to personal enjoyment, and not feeling any strong public obligation to preserve it for any civic purpose, or for the advantage of posterity.

And such being the moral condition, such the social environment, what will be the visible result, what will be the effect upon the physical structure, upon the breed of men and women? You will have, in the first place, a large and wide diffusion of material well-being. The intensified desire to accumulate will imply an immensely increased demand for labor; for the capitalist does not *make* his fortune, as is commonly and most falsely said, he only accumulates it; the fortune is made for him by the laborers; the capitalist contributing simply the directing skill, the plant, and the food necessary to support the laborers during their work. There will be an immense demand, therefore, for labor, and among many classes of laborers there will be a large increase of wages. And as a sufficient supply of wholesome food and of warm clothing is one essential constituent of public health, this result will be beneficial. But having put this result in one scale, and given to it its due weight—and the weight is very considerable—nearly every other result must be placed in the opposite scale. There are other conditions of health besides good food and warm clothing—conditions still more important than they. Pure air, pure water, sufficient sunlight, moderation in the hours of work, regularity of work, absence of excessive sexual or alcoholic stimuli, preservation of women, and above all, of wives and mothers, from all work outside the home—these are some of the remaining conditions of health, recognized by all.

THE LESSONS OF THE ECLIPSE.

IN his recent series of ingenious disquisitions upon "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," Dr. Bushnell ought certainly to have given a prominent place to eclipses. If "stars teach as well as shine," eclipses may be said to instruct as well as darken. The daily press has availed itself fully of the double possibilities of the occasion, to publish the news both before and after its occurrence, and we now have our revised longitudes and corrected astronomical data, but the event has other uses and meanings which should not be forgotten.

And, first, eclipses are consolatory phenomena. In these times of unsettled ideas, when partisan strife and the clash of sects are engulfing our lives in a chaos of warring opinion, it is refreshing and encouraging to be reminded that, somewhere above these fogs and clouds of conflict, there is a serene realm of undisputed truth and unchangeable law. When so many social planets are wandering in doubt whether they have any spheres or not, it is highly reassuring to know that there are regions where the "wanderers" know their spheres and hold to their everlasting courses with the punctuality and perfection of the Eternal. It is, after all, only in a very small way and in a very restricted field that man can achieve confusion; the pervading order it is beyond his power to disturb. True, he has the remarkable capacity and the sovereign right of going through the world without knowing anything more about the great cosmical mechanism than he can get by casually consulting the almanac. But, if he can afford it, so also can Nature, and she does not often bore him with unusual displays of her majestic order. Occasionally, however, she deviates from her habitual manifestations, and, at the predicted moment, the sun is blotted from the heavens at mid-day, while those who live along the track of darkness are startled by new proofs of the realities of celestial law. These solemn and impressive signs are, however, vouchsafed to but few. The Londoners saw a total eclipse of the sun in 1715; yet they had not seen one before in five hundred and seventy-five years, and have never seen one since.

Again: eclipses are not put to their true uses unless their shadows are made to fall upon human vanity. We must not make too much of the idea that these grand exhibitions have any flattering reference to ourselves. Eclipses are as old as the solar system; and how many millions of ages our planetary group has been busy cutting up the past eternity into days and nights before man appeared upon earth, we have not the audacity to guess. Nor shall we risk a conjecture as to the

periods that have elapsed since he came, and which constitute the prehistoric foreground of the career of the human race upon earth. All this time, eclipses were certainly thrown away upon humanity, for they no more *understood* them than did the beasts of the field. The time in which man has known anything of the matter is but a petty fraction of the incalculable durations, and the occasional recognition of this fact may well serve to take down something of that enormous egotism which comes from his complacent and continual contemplation of himself. And the same lesson of human littleness, which we derive from the comprehension of cosmical time, is reinforced with solemn impressiveness in the comprehension of that cosmical vastness—that spacial immensity—which burdens the imagination when we attempt to grasp celestial phenomena. If our historic experience is but a drop in the ocean of time, our planetary home is but a point in the boundless extension of stellar creations.

But, though man may not measure the infinite utilities by his infinitesimal standards, still he cannot escape from his limitations, and these great subjects will ever have their chiefest interest in their relations to himself. The history of eclipses is an admirable illustrative phase of the history of man's intellectual unfolding. We have said that there was a time when he knew no more of the phenomena than the beasts of the field, the only difference being that the superior animal had a superior capacity of fear and terror under unusual occurrences. In all the eras of superstition, eclipses and comets have been portents of evil—the appalling signals of distress and disaster to man.

The first dawn of intelligence and the germ of science consisted in man's earliest perceptions of the uniformities of Nature, while, exactly as this fact grew into clearness, superstition was dissipated. But these uniformities were at first only noted, not explained. The shepherds watched the skies, grouped their luminaries into fantastic animal forms, and roughly recorded the changes they saw. Eclipses, of course, were objects of intense solicitude and attention. Regular recurrence was first seen in lunar eclipses, as the obscuration of the moon is visible over a whole hemisphere; while as regards solar eclipses, though twice as frequent, depending as they do upon the position of the observer upon the earth, the observation of them was much more irregular and imperfect. Some four hundred years before Christ, it was found that eclipses of the moon came round in two hundred and twenty-three lunations, or six thousand five hundred and eighty-five and one-third days, and, as soon as this was known, eclipses began to be predicted.

But this, like all the other early phases of science, was purely empirical. The facts were noted, but the reasons and causes could not be given. According to early astronomic theory, the earth was the centre of the universe, and the heavenly bodies were mere appendages to it, useful for illumination, and carried round it by a mechanical system of complex machinery known as cycles and epicycles. This notion answered for two thousand years.

Half a century after the discovery of America, the German, Copernicus, made the first grand step in modern astronomy, by proposing to re-centre the universe—to rob the earth of its ancient honor, and transfer it to the sun. It was a sublime adventure of thought, and a daring encounter with human prejudice and ignorance. The whole past of human thinking, all theological theory and religious feeling, the conceptions embodied in the literature and the common observation of mankind, were organized round a nucleus of error, and it was now proposed to pluck that error from its central place, and disrupt the whole scheme of thought which had grown around it and was rooted in it. The earth was to be degraded from its ancient ascendancy, as the unchangeable centre of the universe; instead of being planted immovably upon fixed foundations, it was declared to be a whirling ball, spinning forever through a mighty orbit—the very symbol of instability and mutation. The

men and women of the world were affirmed to be scattered round it, pointing with their feet to its centre, and with their heads to all points of the encompassing heavens. Up and down were vacated of their meaning; that which is above was stripped of its dignity, and that which is beneath lost its degradation. A ruthless iconoclasm invaded all that was venerable and sacred, and "wrenched the very pillars from beneath the throne of God." It was the boldest revolt against tradition that the human mind had ever made, and, when we remember to what depths men were stirred by these presumptuous innovations, it is no matter of wonder that their author adjourned the inevitable struggle to a succeeding generation. Copernicus deferred the publication of his great work on "The Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs," and received the only copy he ever saw on the day of his death, June 12, 1543, and never opened it. Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, consummated his noble work, first, by verifying the truth of the heliocentric system, and then by giving its reasons, explanations, and causes.

This was the heroic age of mental progress, which equally tasked the highest intellectual effort on the one hand, and the loftiest moral courage on the other. The victory was with the truth and the right, and it secured the first great release of man from the dread and terror with which the ignorant are inspired by the grander phenomena of power. Only for a couple of centuries have men been at peace with eclipses, and this is because they have understood them. Instead of the pall of gloom which they threw over the face of Nature, and the consternation which they shot into the human spirit, they have now come to involve only a little curious quizzing with smoked glasses, and a slight accompaniment of quiet wonder.

TABLE-TALK.

WE are promised, by a Boston publishing-house, the reprint of a voluminous diary which has just appeared in England, covering a space of nearly seventy-five years, and including in its pages anecdotes and reminiscences of almost every notable literary person living during that long period. Few persons in America have hitherto heard of HENRY CRABB ROBINSON; but this name will soon rank with that of Boswell, as contributing some of the most agreeable personality of great men found in literature. Mr. Robinson died in 1867, at the age of ninety-two, and, in the inscription upon his tomb, it is recorded that he was the "friend and associate of Goethe and Wordsworth, Wieland and Coleridge, Flaxmann and Blake, Clarkson and Charles Lamb." It might have been added that he knew Rogers, Southey, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Horne Tooke, Fuseli, Talfourd, Mrs. Barbauld, Robert Hall, Edmund Kean, De Quincey, Irving, O'Connell, Hazlitt, Madame de Staël, and met hosts of others, both in England and Europe. Mr. Robinson's work is entitled his "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence," and extends, in the English edition, to three large octavo volumes. "The author," says the London *Examiner*, "was far enough from being either a great man or a hero, and was as far from claiming to be either the one or the other. Still, he was able, accomplished, liberal-minded, and genial to a notable extent. He was neither a poet nor a philosopher, neither a literary nor an artist, neither a wit nor a humorist, yet he had some power to appreciate poets and poetry, philosophers and philosophy, literature, art, wit, and humor, and the men to whom these were a pastime or a profession. Moreover, while he was accessible to all such men, he had himself easy access to them." Mr. Robinson's own literary efforts seem to have been limited to an occasional paper to the magazines. He was at one time foreign editor on the London *Times*, and at another period Spanish correspondent, during the Peninsular War, for the same paper. His profession was that of the law; and a surprising index to his character is the fact that, when about fifty years of age, finding his income to be permanently fixed at five hundred pounds a year, he abandoned his profession, and, contenting himself with this moderate sum, surrendered his time exclusively to books and the society of literary people. He had literary ambition, but discovering that his talents could not give him high rank among English authors, he resolutely refused accepting any other. His social talents, however, were marked. He

must have been a thoroughly good, if not a brilliant talker, for we find the poet Rogers to have said once, at a breakfast-party, "If there is any one here who wishes to say any thing, he had better say it at once, for Crabb Robinson is coming." Glancing through the voluminous pages of this Diary, we glean here and there a paragraph, which we append as specimens of these entertaining reminiscences:

—At the time I first knew him (Hazlitt), he was struggling against a great difficulty of expression, which rendered him by no means a general favorite in society. His bashfulness, want of words, slovenliness of dress, etc., made him sometimes the object of ridicule.

—Curran's talk was rich in idiom and imagery, and in warmth of feeling. He was all passion—fierce in his dislikes, and not sparing in the freedom of his language, even of those with whom he was on familiar terms. One evening, walking from Godwin's home, he said of a friend: "She is a pustule of vanity."

—On my noticing Hume's obvious preference of the French tragedies to Shakespeare, Coleridge exclaimed: "Hume comprehended as much of Shakespeare as an apothecary's phial would, placed under the Falls of Niagara."

—Read to Mrs. Flaxman a part of Schlegel's "Critique on the Designs for Dante," which, of course, gratified her. She told me they were once in Italy for Mr. Hope, on very moderate terms, merely to find Flaxman employment for the evening. Fuseli, when he saw them, said: "I used to think myself the best composer; but now I own Flaxman to be the greater man."

—It was amusing to observe how Coleridge blundered against Scotchmen and Frenchmen. He referred to the *Edinburgh Review* as a concentration of all the smartness of all Scotland. Edinburgh is a talking town, and, whenever in the conversazione a single spark is elicited, it is instantly caught, preserved, and brought to the *Review*.

—Met Coleridge at the Exhibition. He drew my attention to the "vigorous impotence" of Fuseli, especially in his "Macbeth." "The prominent witch," said Coleridge, "is smelling a stink." He spoke of painting as one of the lost arts.

—The large room in the accountant's office at the East-India House is divided into boxes, or compartments, in each of which sit six clerks—Charles Lamb himself in one. They are called Compounds. The meaning of the word was asked one day, and Lamb said it was "collection of simples."

—Called on Godwin. Curran was with him, who told an anecdote of an Irish-Parliament man who was boasting in the House of Commons of his attachment to the trial by jury. "Mr. Speaker, with the trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with the trial by jury will I die." Curran sat near him, and whispered audibly: "What, Jack, do you mean to be hanged?"

—At Bristol, Coleridge delivered lectures, in conjunction with Southey. A fellow who was present hissed him, and an altercation ensued. The man sneered at him for professing public principle, and asked, "Why, if you have so much public spirit, do you take money at the door?" "For a reason," answered Coleridge, "which, I am sorry, in the present instance has not been quite successful—to keep out blackguards."

—Mrs. Collins and I went to Covent-Garden Theatre—"Julius Cæsar." We were forced to stand all the time. Young as Cassius surpassed Kemble as Brutus; indeed, the whole performance of the latter was cold, stiff, and pedantic.

—Wordsworth told me that, before his ballads were published, Tobin implored him to leave out "We are Seven," as a poem that would damn the book.

—Went to Mrs. Barbauld's. Had a pleasant chat with her about Madame de Staël, the Edgeworths, etc. The latter are staying in London, and the daughter gains the good-will of every one; not so the father. They dined at Sotheby's. After dinner, Mr. Edgeworth was sitting next Mrs. Siddons, Sam Rogers being on the other side. "Madam," said he, "I think I saw you perform Millamont thirty-five years ago—" "Pardon me, sir—" "Oh, then it was forty years ago; I distinctly recollect it." "You will excuse me, sir; I never played Millamont." "Oh, yes, ma'am; I recollect." "I think," she said, turning to Mr. Rogers, "it is time for me to change my place;" and she rose with her own peculiar dignity.

—Dined with Madame de Staël. Our hostess spoke freely of Buonaparte. She was introduced to him when a victorious general in Italy; even then he affected princely airs, and spoke as if it mattered not what he said—he conferred honor by saying any thing. He had a pleasure in being rude. He said to her, after her writings were known, that he did not think women ought to write books. She answered: "It is not every woman who can gain distinction by an alliance with a General Buonaparte." Buonaparte said to Madame de Condorcet, the widow of the philosopher, who was a great female politician, and really a woman of talent: "I do not like women who meddle with politics." Madame de Condorcet instantly replied: "Ah, mon général, as long as you men take a fancy to cut off our heads now and then, we are interested in knowing why you do it!"

Of Mr. Robinson himself, a writer in the last number of the London *Fortnightly* gives a very interesting account. Mr. Robinson was constantly urged by his friends to write a book; but he always emphatically replied: "I have no literary talent. I cannot write. I never could write any thing, and I never would write any thing." He is described by this writer as possessing a certain grotesqueness which was very peculiar. He says:

"He is called, and properly called, in these memoirs, Mr. Robinson; but

no well-judging person ever called him so in life. He was always called 'old Crabb,' and that is the only name which will ever bring up his curious image to me. He was, in the true old English sense of the word, a 'character'—one whom a very peculiar life, certainly, and perhaps also a rather peculiar nature, to begin with, had formed and moulded into something so exceptional and singular that it did not seem to belong to ordinary life, and almost moved a smile when you saw it moving there. 'Aberrant forms,' I believe naturalists call seals and such things in natural history—odd shapes that can only be explained by a long past, and which swim with a certain incongruity in their present milieu. Now, 'old Crabb' was (to me at least) just like that. You watched with interest and pleasure his singular gestures, and his odd way of saying things, and muttered, as if to keep up the recollection, 'And this is the man who was the friend of Goethe, and is the friend of Wordsworth!' There was a certain animal oddity about 'old Crabb,' which made it a kind of mental joke to couple him with such great names, and yet he was to his heart's core thoroughly coupled with them. If you leave out all his strange ways—I do not say Dr. Sadler (editor of the *Diary*) has quite left them out; but to some extent he has been obliged, by place and decorum, to omit them—you lose the life of the man. You cut from the negro his skin, and from the leopard his spots. I well remember how poor Clough, who was then fresh from Oxford, and was much puzzled by the corner of London to which he had drifted, looked at 'old Crabb' in a kind of terror for a whole breakfast-time, and muttered in mute wonder, and almost to himself, as he came away, 'Not at all the regular patriarch.' And certainly no one could accuse Mr. Robinson of an insipid regularity either in face or nature. . . . Like most very cheerful old people, he at heart preferred the company of the very young; and a set of young students, even after he was seventy, suited him better as society than a set of grave old men. Sometimes, indeed, he would have—I do not say some of his contemporaries; few of them, even in 1847, were up to breakfast-parties; but persons of fifty and sixty—those whom young students call old gentlemen. And it was amusing to watch the consternation of some of them at the surprising youth and levity of their host. They shuddered at the freedom with which we treated him. Middle-aged men, of feeble heads and half-made reputations, have a nice dislike to the sharp arguments and the unsparing jests of 'boys at college'; they cannot bear the rough society of those who, never having tried their own strength, have not yet acquired a fellow-feeling for weakness. Many such persons, I am sure, were half hurt with Mr. Robinson for not keeping those 'impertinent boys' more at a just distance; but Mr. Robinson liked fun and movement, and disliked the sort of dignity which shelters stupidity. There was little to gratify the unintellectual part of man at these breakfasts, and what there was was not easy to be got at. Your host, just as you were sitting down to breakfast, found he had forgotten to make the tea; then he could not find his keys; then he rang the bell to have them searched for; but, long before the servant came, he had gone off into 'Schiller-Goethe,' and could not the least remember what he had wanted. The more astute of his guests used to breakfast before they came, and then there was much interest in seeing a steady literary man, who did not understand the region, in agonies at having to hear three stories before he got his tea, one again between his milk and his sugar, another between his butter and his toast, and additional zest in making a stealthy inquiry that was sure to intercept the coming delicacies by bringing on Schiller and Goethe."

— In the Clinton-Hall Art-Galleries there is now on exhibition a collection of Alaskan antiquities and curiosities, which is worthy of much more attention than it has hitherto received. The articles, some eight hundred in number, are, with scarcely an exception, so strange and unfamiliar to our eyes, that they almost seem like the relics of a past age—as, in fact, many of them are—though they are not those of an extinct race. The collection was made by Mr. Edward G. Fast, in 1867 and 1868, when serving on the staff of General Jefferson C. Davis, and, as far as possible, includes specimens of the weapons, tools, dresses, etc., now in use, as well as those of former times. It also includes numbers of idols, masks, ornaments, and weapons, taken from the graves in which they were deposited with their owners. An inspection of these curiosities at once suggests a question as to the origin of the people to whom they belonged, for many of them bear a strong analogy to, if not an identity with, the same articles found as relics of extinct European nations. There is, among the collection of arms and armor, a wooden helmet, which is a *fac-simile* of those worn by the Roman soldiers in the time of Cæsar. There are also swords and daggers of an equally marked Roman character. The idols are identical, in shape and design, with those found in the Indian graves in Mexico, and the rattles and charms of the medicine-men are very like those described by travellers as seen in use in Africa. All the implements of the medicine-men are profusely carved, and, strange as it may seem, the leading figure is almost invariably a crocodile. The collection of clothing only embraces articles formerly worn, and numbers many very curious things, some of the coats and shirts being decorated with representations of idols and animals. One shirt is entirely covered with Japanese coins, so as to form a coat-of-mail; another is formed of the skins of birds, and looks warm and comfortable; while a third is almost transparent, being made of the intestines of the porpoise. The assortment of spears, arrows, darts, bows, and other arms, is very large, and gives a good idea of the means of of-

fence and defence of this people, as well as of their facilities for hunting and fishing, the latter being very thoroughly illustrated by a full-sized canoe, supplied with a complete outfit for whale and seal hunting. Hours can be passed profitably in examining this collection, which is of great value, and which, under existing circumstances, possesses peculiar interest. This collection of curiosities should find its proper place in a national museum, and is a new reminder of our great need of an institution of the kind. For years, now, Dr. Abbott's collection of Egyptian curiosities has remained awaiting the action of either the Government or of our citizens, by which it might be made the foundation, or nucleus, of a museum, around which would gather such other collections as circumstances might bring to our shores, or which could be purchased abroad. This Alaskan collection is of great interest, but, like other collections, it will probably go abroad, or be divided up among minor museums, for want of a central national institution. The foundation and formation of such a museum is the proper work for the private enterprise of our citizens. Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, has given to the people his art-building and superb collection of paintings and statuary; cannot some of our citizens emulate his example, by giving New York a museum?

— The engraving on our first page, "Waiting," is from a painting by a contemporary artist of the French school, Auguste Toulmouche, and affords a pleasing specimen of recent styles in *genre* painting, in which no artists are so happy as the French. The picture tells its own simple little story well enough. "L'Attente" is the artist's designation for it. The charm of the picture lies principally in the grace and elegance of the figure; and this special merit leads us to openly deplore the want of a similar skill among our American artists. Nothing is more rare among our painters and draughtsmen than accurate and spirited figure-drawing. One can count on the fingers of one hand every artist of notable success in this branch; while in *genre* painting—successful delineation of scenes in familiar life—the number is even smaller than this. Our artists run almost exclusively into landscape or portrait painting, in either of which we may invite comparison with the world. The French artists, on the other hand, are eminently successful in depicting the incidents of ordinary life, and number in this department many names of world-wide fame. Of the works of these artists it is our design to give our readers a few engraved specimens. Of Auguste Toulmouche, from whom the subject in this number of the *JOURNAL* is engraved, little can be said, excepting that he was born in Nantes, and at one time received the third-class medal at the French Exhibition, and at another the second-class.

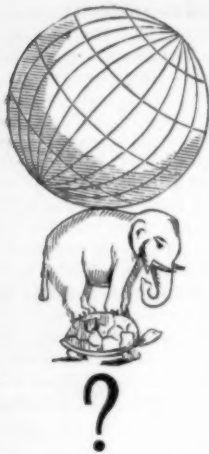
— In number twenty of the *JOURNAL* an error occurs in the designation of one of the illustrations to the article on Cuba, which is described as "Morro Castle, Havana," whereas it should have been "Morro Castle, Santiago de Cuba."

The Museum.

THE temperature of the soil is affected by: first, the exposure of the surface; second, the nature of the soil; third, its permeability by rain, and the presence of underground springs; fourth, the sun's declination; fifth, the elevation above the sea, and consequently the heating power of the sun's rays; and, sixth, the amount of cloud and sunshine.—J. D. Hooker.

"As white as snow," is one of the most familiar of all comparisons, and yet in the Arctic regions, and in certain mountainous districts, huge tracts of red snow are to be found. The color is produced by an immense multitude of microscopic plants, consisting only of gelatinous cells, which give a pink color to the snow, and which, when pressed together, leave a stain as if of blood. This plant is found upon moist rocks, and, when in that position, is green. By some the change of color, with change of location, is thought to be due to the effect of the white of the snow upon the light.

During sea-voyages the natives of the Malay Archipelago make use of a water-clock. This is a very ingenious contrivance, which measures time well in both rough weather and fine. It is simply a bucket half-filled with water, in which floats the half of a well-scraped coconut shell. In the bottom of this shell is a very small hole, so that when placed to float in a bucket, a fine thread of water squirts up into it. This gradually fills the shell, and the size of the hole is so adjusted to the capacity of the vessel that, exactly at the end of an hour, plump it goes to the bottom.



What supports the World.
(Ancient Explanation.)

attention was arrested by a falling apple; and his mind fell into a train of inquiry, suggested by this circumstance.



What supports the World.
(Modern Explanation.)

us to the modern explanation of what it is that supports the world.

The subject of bleeding in plants is involved in great obscurity, and the systematic examination of the motions in the juices of tropical climbers by resident observers offers a fertile field to the naturalist. I have often remarked that if a climbing stem, in which the circulation is vigorous, be cut across, it bleeds freely from both ends, and most copiously from the lower, if it be turned downward; but that, if a truncheon be severed, there will be no flow from either of its extremities. This is the case with all the Indian watery-juiced climbers, at whatever season they may be cut. When, however, the circulation in the plant is feeble, neither end of a simple cut will bleed much, but, if a truncheon be taken from it, both the extremities will.—J. D. Hooker.

The attention of the public has been drawn, by the recent eclipse, to the subject of the planetary movements and harmonies. The accompanying out symbolizes the early philosophy of the subject.

It is related of Sir Isaac Newton, that, as he was sitting in his garden, his

falls, when unsupported, because the earth exerts a force upon it, and attracts it. But, if the earth can thus draw distant bodies to itself, where is the limit to its power? Must it not extend also to the moon? The moon is in motion. All bodies in motion would proceed in straight lines forever, unless other forces stopped them, or drew them in another direction. The moon moves in a curve which is bent round the earth; is it not, therefore, drawn from a straight line by the same force which draws the apple? Following out the inquiry as to how much force is exerted upon the moon, he arrived at the law of universal gravitation. Newton thus brought

Women are often accused of gossiping, but we are not aware that it has ever been made the subject of legal penalties except at St. Helena, "that lovely isle in the sea," where, among the ordinances promulgated in 1708—just one hundred and fifty years ago—was the following: "Whereas, several idle, gossiping women make it their business to go from house to house about this island, inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sow discord and debate among neighbors, and often between men and their wives, to the great grief and trouble of all good people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity, and good neighborhood; for the punishment and suppression whereof, and to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived, and friendship continued, we do order that if any women from henceforth shall be convicted of talebearing, mischief-making, scolding, or any other notorious vices, they shall be punished by ducking or whipping, or such other punishment as their crimes or transgressions shall deserve, or the governor and council shall think fit."

The successive stages of development of the colors and plumage of the birds of paradise are very interesting, from the striking manner in which they accord with the theory of their having been produced by the simple action of variation, and the cumulative power of selection by the females, of those male birds which were more than usually ornamental.—A. R. Wallace.

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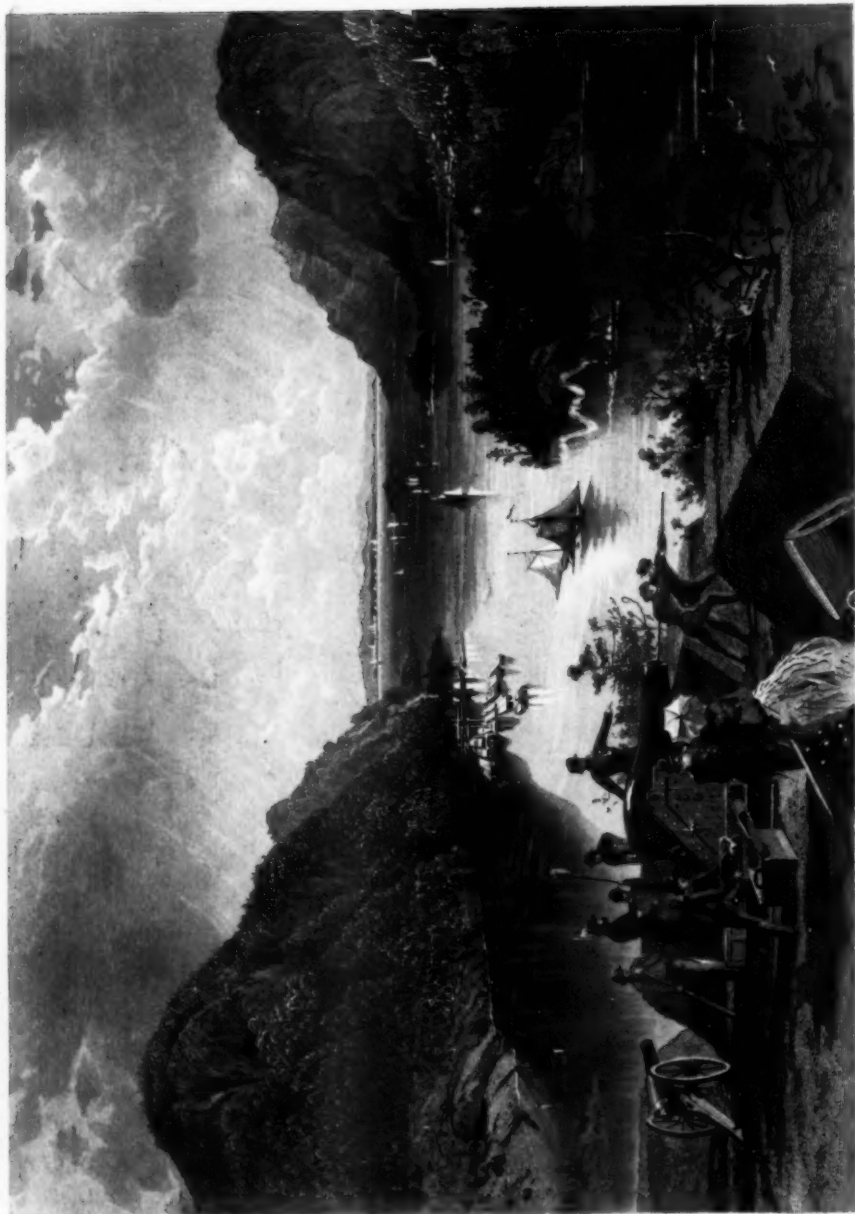
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